National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

ADDRESS OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT ON COLONISATION.

Mr. Secretary Everett delivered the Address at the Annual Meeting of the American Colonisation Society, at Washington, on the 18th inst., a report of which has been published in the daily papers of this city. The Colonisationists certainly have no reason to congratulate themselves on their choice of an orator, for he really puts forth nothing which can recommend their scheme to public approval. Nobody has ever objected to the blacks of this country undertaking the civilization of Africa if they are disposed to do so, but that is a very different thing from the real purpose of the Colonisationists. But Mr. Everett shows that, under favourable circumstances here, the blacks are not inferior to other races, and therefore, in advocating Colonisation, he accuses this nation of the injustice for which he apologizes. His statement that the Colonies in Africa have crippled the Slave Trade is, as everybody knows, contrary to the fact. Even if it be granted that they have influenced it at all, it has only been to remove it from one place to another. The Address we copy below, and much of it Abolitionists may accept as a good Anti-Slavery argument.

Mr. President: When you invited me, some time ago, to take part in the discussions of this evening, it was my purpose, if able to attend the meeting at all, to examine the questions connected with the Colonisation Society in all their bearings; for I have long been of opinion that, whether we consider the state of things in America or Africa, no more momentous subject can engage our attention. But, sir, my time and thoughts, during almost the whole interval, have been pre-occupied, in a manner which has prevented my making any but the hastiest and most inadequate preparation to address this audience, on whose kind indulgence, therefore, without further apology, I beg to throw myself. The Colonisation Society has been the subject, as it seems to me, of much unmerited odium — of indifference equally unmerited, on the part of the majority of the community—of the deep interest which it deserves, on the part of a very few. Its operations are yet in their infancy. They are confined to the proceedings of an association of private individuals, pursuing the noiseless tenour of their way, without ostentation or eclat at home, and to the humble fortunes of the small State, the germ of a Republic, which, under the auspices of this association, has been planted on the coast of Africa. But before we deride these humble beginnings—before we think it extravagant to believe that all-important futurities may be wrapped up in them, as the mighty oak is wrapped up in the acorn—we should do well to refresh our recollection of the first twenty-five years of the settlement at Jamestown, or call to mind that first dismal winter at Plymouth, where more than half the Mayflower's company sunk under the rigours of the climate, and the infinite sufferings of their forlorn adventure. Sir, neither Plymouth nor Virginia, at the end of twenty-five years, had attained anything like such a position as is already occupied by Liberia, in the family of nations—recognised, as she has been, by the most powerful governments of Europe, and sustaining all the relations of an independent State.

First, the settlement of Liberia, on the coast of Africa, under the auspices of the Colonisation Society, was founded on a political and moral necessity. As the measures adopted for the suppression of the African slave trade led to the capture of slave ships, it was necessary that provision should be made for restoring the captured Africans to their native country. To return each to the village where he was born, was impossible—collected, as they are, from every portion of the interior, and often brought down to the coast from vast distances, all thought of restoring them, at least immediately, to their several homes, was out of the question. To place them down at any of the usual resorts on the coast of Africa, would be to throw them back at once into the power of the native chiefs, who are the chief agents for carrying on the foreign trade. A settlement on some point of the coast, protected by the influence of the name of a powerful civilized State, seemed, therefore, an indispensable condition of all measures for repressing the foreign trade, from the necessity of furnishing an asylum to the victims that might be rescued from its grasp, where they might be received, and sheltered, and civilized, and gradually, perhaps, find their way into the interior, to their native tribes. Allied to this object of the colony, was one still more important, because applicable to a much larger number of persons, and that was to afford a home in Africa to such free men of colour in this country as were desirous of emigrating to the native land of their fathers. This object, at first, approved itself almost unanimously at the South and at the North to the white and the coloured races. Jealousies by degrees crept in—prejudices, so I must think them, arose—till at length the colony has become intensely unpopular with a considerable part of those whose interest was one of the leading objects of the formation of the society. Now, sir, I do not intend to discuss the ground of these jealousies, nor to inquire into the policy of the laws of some States, and the condition of public opinion —often more powerful than law—in others, which make the condition of the free coloured man, in all parts of the country, one of inferiority and hardship. In order to meet the objections to the society, that it recognises and co-operates with these oppressive laws, and a still more oppressive public opinion, I will admit such to be the character of the legislation and the public sentiment of the country, in reference to the free coloured population of the country. But does this furnish any valid practical argument against colonisation? Does the fact that the free coloured man is unjustly treated in this country—that he is oppressively excluded from all the eligible careers of life in the United States—furnish any argument why he should not resort to the region where his fathers were born—to a climate more congenial with the African constitution—a soil more generally fertile, and one which it is every day becoming more probable is rich in deposites of gold? For myself, I must own that this state of legislation and public opinion seems to me strong considerations in favour of emigration. I cannot reconcile with real kindness towards our free coloured population the attempts which have been made, and with considerable success, to prevent their emigrating from this country, where their position is one of hardship and disability, to a country which promises them every imaginable advantage. What sort of a kindness would it have been towards the persecuted Puritans, who, in 1608, composed the little flock which afterwards became the Pilgrim church at Leyden, to endeavour to persuade them, at all hazards, not to leave England? Or what motive of real enlightened kindness could have prompted a similar attempt in reference to Governor Winthrop's much larger and more efficient company in 1630? Would it have been the part of real friendship to go among them, and tell them they were the victims of cruel laws, and still more cruel prejudices—to bid them remember that they were born in England, that they had as good a right to live there as their oppressors—to exhort them to stand upon their rights, and, if need be, to bleed for them—to depict the Western continent and their probable fortunes in the darkest colours? But this is the precise counterpart of the language continually addressed to the free coloured population of the United States, by those who claim to be their peculiar friends. Or to take a case, if possible, more nearly parallel—that of the suffering Scotch, Irish, Swiss, Germans, and Norwegians, and others, who, to the number of hundreds of thousands, annually are emigrating to the United States—would it be deemed an act of friendship, or rather of refined cruelty, or at least of most mistaken kindness, to go among the suffering population of these several countries, whose thoughts are turned towards America as a land of refuge and plenty, and endeavour to dissuade them, kindling in their minds a morbid patriotism — a bitter nationality—urging them to stay and starve, rather than find employment, position, and prosperity, for themselves and children, on this side of the Atlantic?

Second—But I must pass to another very important object of the Colonisation Society in establishing the colony of Liberia, and that is the effectual suppression of the slave trade throughout its extent, and within the sphere of its influence. It is grievous to reflect that, contemporaneously with the discovery of our own continent, and from motives of kindness to its natives, the whole western coast of Africa was thrown open to that desolating traffic which, from time immemorial, had been carried on from the ports of the Mediterranean, by the Nile, and along the eastern coasts of the continent. It is still more painful to consider that the very period at which the modern culture of the West of Europe was making the most rapid progress, is that at which Africa began to suffer the most from its connection with Europe. It was the age of Shakspeare, of Spenser, of Hooker, and Lord Bacon, of those other brightest suns in the firmament of England's glory, that her navigators first engaged in this detestable traffic, and vessels, bearing, as if in derision, the venerable names of Jesus and Solomon, were sent from Great Britain to the coast of Africa. At a time when some of the last remnants of the feudal system were broken down in England and France, when private war had wholly ceased, when men began to venture from the covert of the walled towns, and traverse the high roads and live in the open country, these very States, the most civilized in Europe, began to struggle for the monopoly of that cruel trade, which was carried on by exciting the barbarous races of Africa to new fury against each other, and by introducing a state of universal war, not merely between nation and nation, but between tribe and tribe, village and village, and almost between house and house. In fact, it is not without example that these benighted beings have delivered their wives and children to the slave dealers. Thus, the Western coast of Africa became, like the Northeastern and Eastern coasts, one great slave market, and so remained for nearly three centuries. It is now about seventy years since the powers of christendom, excited to activity by philanthropic operations and benevolent individuals, began the warfare upon this cruel traffic. The American colonies, before their independence, passed laws for its abolition, which were uniformly negatived by the crown. The revolutionary Congress, in the first year of its existence, denounced the traffic, and the constitution of the United States appointed a date for its prospective abolition. This example has been successfully followed by other States. The trade is now forbidden by the laws of every Christian and most of the Mohamedan powers of Europe and Asia. It still exists, however, to a frightful extent, and the more active the means used to suppress it by blockade, and cruisers, the greater the cruelty incident to its practice by crowding the slave ships with a greater number of victims. Such being the case, many of those in England who have taken the greatest interest in the suppression of the traffic have seriously proposed to abandon the system of blockades and cruisers, and resort to other expedients; and of these, unquestionably, none can be compared for efficiency with the settlement of the coast. Wherever a colony is founded by England, France, or America, the traffic is broken up, not merely for that extent of coast, but the whole interior region which found an outlet through it. In this way the traffic has been wholly suppressed for an extent of at least one thousand miles, from the northern extremity of the jurisdiction of Sierre Leone to the southern bounds of Liberia. It is necessary only to look at the map to see what an important extent of country has been rescued in this way from the direst scourge which ever afflicted humanity. The last of the ancient slave marts, Gallinas, has been lately purchased and brought within the limits of Liberia. Along a line of coast not less extensive than that from Maine to Georgia, from every bay and within the shelter of every headland of which this traffic was carried on within the memory of man, the slave trade has been wholly rooted out. What could not be effected by Congresses of Sovereigns at Vienna or Aix la Chapelle, by quintuple treaties, or by squadrons of war steamers, has been brought about by these feeble colonial settlements, of which that of Liberia has been obliged to struggle its way into permanence, of late, without the co-operation, almost without the toleration, of the government—drawing its supplies almost exclusively from the perennial fountains of Christian benevolence. I repeat, Sir, wherever these settlements have been founded, the slave trade has disappeared, and, as we may trust, for ever. It seems to me that if no other benefit were anticipated from their extension, this alone would constitute an all-powerful motive. What object in life, in this country, or in any country, can an individual of African descent propose to himself at all to be compared with that of forming, in his own person, a part of that noble line of defence by which the shores of his native land are to be forever barred against the desolating traffic? But, great as is the importance of this object, it yields in interest to another connected with it, but far more comprehensive and momentous—and that is the civilization of Africa. The condition of the African continent is a reproach to the civilization of the world. With an extent nearly three times that of Europe, a considerable portion of the known regions of great fertility, teeming with vegetable and animal life—traversed by lofty ranges of mountains, which send down from their sides the tributaries of noble rivers —connected by the Mediterranean on the north, both with the ancient and modern culture of Europe —the western shores reposing on the Atlantic ocean, the great highway of civilization, the southeastern running within a near proximity to our own continent—the eastern coasts spread out to the commerce of India, and the whole Oriental world—while the Red Sea and the Nile throw open the approaches of the Asiatic continent—it would seem that, by natural endowments and geographical position, it was destined to be the emporium and garden of the earth. Man only, throughout these vast regions, has remained in arrears in the great progress of humanity, and instead of keeping pace with his fellow man in other parts of the world, has been so much depressed by various causes of degeneracy, as finally to have come under a suspicion of natural infirmity, of which I must own I have no belief. I have no doubt that among the numerous races of Africa, as of the other continents, there are great diversities of intelligence, from the warlike politic tribes of the central plateau to the broken down, enfeebled hordes on the banks of the Congo, and the squalid, scarcely human Hottentot. But it may be doubted whether this difference is greater than between the Laplander, the Gipsy, and the Calmuc, on the one hand, and the best and brightest specimens of humanity to be found in Europe and America, on the other. What, then, is the cause of the continued uncivilization of Africa? And without pretending to pry too curiously into the mysteries of Providence, it seems to me that a sufficient cause may be found in some peculiar circumstances in the history and geography of this continent. It seems a law of human progress, which, however difficult to explain, is too well sustained by facts to be doubted, that the first advances out of barbarism must be made under the influence of culture from abroad. Thus, the germs of improvement were brought from Egypt and Syria to Greece—from Greece to Rome—from Rome to the West and North of Europe—from Europe to America; and they are now on their way from our continent to the remotest islands of the Pacific. To what extent the aboriginal element shall be borne down and overpowered by the foreign influences, or enter into kindly combination with them, depends upon the moral and intellectual development of both parties. The native race may be so apt for improvement as to harmonize promptly and kindly with the cultivated strangers—this was the case with the early Greeks—or the disparity may be so great that no unkindly union between is practicable, and the native tribes slowly and silently retreat before the new comers. This has been the case with the native races of our own continent, who have found it all but impossible to embrace our civilization. Now, in reference to this law of our social nature, the difficulty in Africa has been two-fold. First, that the inhabitants of the other quarters of the globe, who had obtained the start in the race of improvement, and might have proved the instructors and guides of the native races, were all deeply concerned in a traffic with the continent of Africa, which, instead of tending, like other brances of commerce, to mutual improvement, and especially to the elevation of the inferior party, is, of all barbarising agents, the most poisonous and deadly. In this way, foreign trade, which has usually been the medium through which the more cultivated foreign race has gradually introduced itself to a mutually beneficial intercourse with the less advanced tribes, has been in Africa, from the dawn of history to the present day, the all powerful agent of internal civil war, slavery, and social disorganization. This has been one cause of her making so little progress in civilization. Another is her climate—her mighty equatorial expanse, a more extensive tract of land between the tropics than in all the rest of the globe—her fervid vertical sun, burning down upon the rank vegetation of her fertile plains, and rendering her shores and water courses pestiferous to a foreign constitution. This peculiar geographical character seems again to shut her out from the ordinary approaches of civilization. Commerce—inducements of commercial gain are too weak to tempt the merchant to these forbidden districts. Nothing but a taste for adventure, approaching to mania, attracts the traveller; and when Christian benevolence lures the devoted missionary to this field of labour, it lures him too often to his doom. Here, then, we see a union of influences which seem to seal the fate of unhappy Africa as an abomination of desolation. But now, mark, with reverence the providence of God, educing out of these natural disadvantages of climate—disadvantages to man's apprehension—and this colossal moral wrong, the African slave trade, out of these seemingly hopeless elements of physical and moral evil—out of long cycles of suffering and crime, of violence and retribution, such as history can nowhere parallel—educing, I say, from these elements, by the blessed alchymy of Christian benevolence, the means of the ultimate regeneration of Africa. The aroused conscience of Christendom denounces the slave trade, but not till it has existed for three centuries, and filled a portion of the Western hemisphere with five or six millions of the descendants of Africa, of whom about a million and a half, in the islands and on the continent, have, from time to time, become free; though born and reared under circumstances unfavourable to mental culture, yet still partaking, in the main, of man of the blessings of civilization and Christianity, amply qualified, as Liberia has shown, to convey those blessings to the native land of their fathers. Thus, at the moment when the work itself is ready to be commenced, the chosen instruments are prepared. Do I err in the opinion that the same Providence which has arranged or permitted this mysterious sequence of events, is calling and inviting them to the auspicious work. All other means have been tried in vain. Private adventure has miscarried—strength, and courage, and endurance almost superhuman, having languished and broken down—well-appointed expeditions, fitted out under the auspices of powerful associations and powerful governments, have ended in calamitous failure; and it is proved at last that the Caucasian race cannot achieve this long-deferred work. When that last noble expedition which was sent out from England, I think in the year 1841, under the highest auspices, to found an agricultural settlement in the interior of Africa, ascended the Niger, every white man out of one hundred and fifty reckoned, and all but two or three, if my memory serves me, died, while of their dark-skinned associates, also one hundred and fifty in number, with all the added labour and anxiety that devolved upon them, a few only were sick, and they were individuals who had passed years in a temperate climate, and not one died. I say again, sir, you Caucasian, you proud Anglo-Saxon, you self-sufficient, all attempting white man, you cannot civilize Africa—you have subdued and appropriated Europe; the native races are melting before you in America, as the untimely snows of April before a vernal sun; you have possessed yourself of India; you menace China and Japan; the remotest isles of the Pacific are not distant enough to escape your grasp, nor insignificant enough to elude your notice; but Central Africa confronts you, and bids you defiance. Your squadrons may range or blockade her coast, but neither on the errands of peace or the errands of war can you penetrate to the interior. The God of nature, no doubt for wise purposes, however inscrutable, has drawn across the chief inlets a cordon you cannot break through. You may hover on the coast, but you dare not set foot on shore. Death sits portress at the undefended gateways of her mud-built villages—yellow and intermittent fevers, blue plagues, and poisons that you can see as well as feel, await your approach. As you ascend the rivers, pestilence shoots from the mangroves that fringe their noble banks, and the glorious sun, which kindles all inferior nature into teeming, bursting life, darts disease into your languid system. No, you are not elected for this momentous work. The great Disposer in another branch of his family has chosen out a race—descendants of this torrid region, children of this vertical sun—and fitted them, by ages of stern discipline, for the gracious achievement.

> "From foreign realms, and lands remote, supported by his care,
> They pass unharmed through burning climes, and breathe the tainted air."

Sir, I believe that the auspicious work is begun; that Africa will be civilized—civilized by her returning offspring and descendants; I believe it, because I will not think that this mighty and fertile region is to remain forever in its present state; because I can see no other agency adequate to the accomplishment of the work, and I do behold in this agency a most mysterious fitness. I am aware that doubts are entertained of the practicability of the work, founded, in part, on the supposed incapacity of the civilized men of colour in this country to carry on an undertaking of this kind, and partly on the supposed hopeless barbarism of the native races, which is thought by some persons to be so gross as to defy improvement. I believe both opinions to be erroneous. It would, I think, be unjust to urge, as a proof of the intellectual inferiority of the civilised men of colour in this country, that they have not made much intellectual progress. It appears to me that they have done quite as much as could be expected under the depressing circumstances in which they have been placed. What branch of the European family, if held in the same condition for three centuries, would not be subject to the same reproach? Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, urges the intellectual infirmity of the African race, as existing in the United States. He might have been led to doubt the justice of his conclusions by reflecting that in the very same work he thinks it necessary to vindicate the race to which we ourselves belong, from a charge of degeneracy, made by an ingenious French writer. Why, sir, it is but a short time since we Anglo-Americans were habitually spoken of by our brethren in England as a degenerate and inferior race. Within thirty years it has been contemptuously asked in the liberal journals of Europe, in reference to the natives of the country of Franklin and Washington, and Adams and Marshall, and Jefferson and Madison, of Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Bryant and Longfellow, "Who reads an American book?" In the face of facts like these, it becomes us to be somewhat cautious in setting down the coloured race in America as one of hopeless inferiority.

Again, sir, it is doubted whether there is in the native races of Africa a basis of improvability, if I may use that word, in which a hope of their future civilization can be grounded. It is said that they alone, of all the tribes of the earth, have shown themselves incapable of improving their condition. Well, sir, who knows that? Of the early history of our race we know but little, in any part of the globe. A dark cloud hangs over it. The whole north and west of Europe, till the Roman civilization shone in upon it, was as benighted as Africa is now. It is quite certain that, at a very early period of the history of the world, some of the native races of Africa had attained a high degree of culture. Such was the case of the ancient Egyptians, a dark coloured race, though not of what we call the negro type. They are considered the parents of much of the civilization of the Greeks, and, indeed, of the whole ancient world. As late as the fifth century, before the Christian era, Plato passed thirteen years in studying their sacred records. The massive monuments of their cheerless culture have withstood the storms of time, better than the more graceful creations of Grecian art. Races that emerged from barbarism later than those of Africa have with fearful vicissitudes on the part of individual States acquired and maintained a superiority over Africa; but I am prepared to say that it rests on natural causes of a final and abiding character. We are led into error by contemplating things too much in the gross. There are tribes in Africa which have made no contemptible progress in various branches of human improvement. On the other hand, if we look closely at the condition of the mass of the population in Europe, from Lisbon to Archangel, from the Hebrides to the Black sea—if we turn from the few who possess wealth or competence, education, culture, and that leadership over nature and all her forces which belong to instructed mind—if we turn from these to the benighted, destitute, oppressed, superstitious, abject millions whose lives are passed in the hopeless toils of the field, the factory, the mine—whose inheritance is beggary, whose education is stolid ignorance—at whose daily table hunger and thirst are the stewards—whose rare festivity is brutal intemperance—if we could count their number, gather into one aggregate their destitution of the joys of life, and thus estimate the full amount of the practical barbarism of the nominally civilised world, we should be inclined, perhaps, to doubt the essential superiority of the present improved European race. If it be essentially superior, why did it remain so long unimproved? The Africans, you say, persevered in their original barbarism for five thousand years. Well, the Anglo Saxon race did the same thing for nearly four thousand years; and in the great chronology of Providence, a thousand years are but as one day. A little more than ten centuries ago, and our Saxon ancestors were not more civilised than some of the African tribes of the present day. They were a savage, warlike people—pirates by sea, bandits on shore, enslaved by the darkest superstitions, worshipping divinities as dark and cruel as themselves, and the Slave Trade was carried on in Great Britain eight hundred years ago as ruthlessly as upon the coast of Africa at the present day. But it pleased Divine Providence to pour the light of Christianity upon this midnight darkness. By degrees, civilization, law, liberty, letters and arts came in, and at the end of eight centuries we talk of the essential inborn superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, and look down with disdain on those portions of the human family who have lagged a little behind us in the march of civilization. Sir, at the present day, Africa is not the abode of utter barbarism. Here, again, we do not discriminate—we judge in the gross. Some of her tribes are, indeed, hopelessly broken down by internal wars and the foreign Slave Trade, and the situation of the whole continent is exceedingly adverse to any progress in culture. But they are not savages—the mass of the population live by agriculture; there is some traffic between the coast and the interior; there is a rude architecture; gold dust is collected, iron is smelted, weapons and utensils of husbandry and household use are wrought, cloth is manufactured and dyed, palm oil is expressed, and schools are taught. Among the Mahomedan tribes the Koran is read. I have seen a native African in this city who had passed forty years of his life as a slave in the field, who, at the age of seventy, wrote the Arabic character with the elegance of a scribe. And Mungo Park tells us that lawsuits are argued with as much ability, fluency, and at as much length, in the interior of Africa, as at Edinburgh. I certainly am aware that the condition of the most advanced tribes of Central Africa is wretched, mainly in consequence of the Slave Trade, which exists among them in the most deplorable form. The only wonder is, that, with this cancer eating into their vitals from age to age, any degree of civilization can exist. But I think it may be said, without exaggeration, that, degraded as are the ninety millions of Africans, ninety millions exist in Europe, to which each country contributes her quota, not much less degraded. The difference is, and certainly an all-important difference, that in Europe, intermingled with those ninety millions, are fifteen to twenty millions possessed of all degrees of culture, up to the very highest; while in Africa there is not an individual who, according to our own standard, has attained a high degree of intellectual cultivation; but if obvious causes for this can be shown, it is unphilosophical to infer from it essential incapacity. But all doubts of the incapacity of the African race for self-government, and of their improvability under favourable circumstances, seem to me to be removed by what we witness at the present day, both in our own country and on the coast of that continent. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of their condition in this country, specimens of intellectual ability, the talent of writing and speaking, capacity for business, for the ingenious and mechanical arts, for accounts, for the ordinary branches of academical learning, have been exhibited by our coloured brethren which would do no discredit to Anglo-Saxons. Paul Cuffee, well recollected in New England, was a person of great energy. His father was an African slave—his mother an Indian of the Elizabeth Islands, Mass. I have already alluded to the extraordinary attainments of Abderrahaman—a man of better manners or more respectable appearance I never saw. The learned blacksmith of Alabama, now in Liberia, has attained a celebrity scarcely inferior to that of his white brother known by the same designation. I frequently attended the examinations at a school in Cambridge, at which Beverly Williams was a pupil. Two youths from Georgia, and a son of my own, were his fellow pupils. Beverly was a born slave in Mississippi, and apparently of pure African blood. He was one of the best scholars—perhaps the best Latin scholar—in his class. These are indications of intellectual ability, afforded under discouraging circumstances at home. On the coast of Africa, the success of Liberia (the creation of this society) ought to put to rest all doubts on this question. The affairs of this interesting settlement, under great difficulties and discouragements, have been managed with a discretion, an energy, and I must say, all things considered, with a success, which authorizes the most favourable inferences as to the capacity of the coloured races for self-government. It is about thirty years since the settlement began, and I think it must be allowed that its progress will compare very favourably with that of Virginia or Plymouth, after an equal length of time. They have established a well organized constitution of republican government. It is administered with ability; the courts of justice are modelled after our own. They have schools and churches. The soil is tilled, the country is explored, the natives are civilized, the Slave Trade is banished, a friendly intercourse is maintained with foreign powers, and England and France have acknowledged their independent sovereignty. Would a handful of Anglo-Americans from the humblest classes of society here, do better than this? The truth is, Mr. President, and with this I conclude, an influence has been, and I trust ever will be, at work through the agency of the colony of Liberia, and other similar agencies, I trust, hereafter to be added, abundantly competent to effect this great undertaking, and that is the sovereign power of Christian love. Ah! sir, this after all is sometimes resisted and subdued—commercial enterprise becomes bankrupt, State policy is outwitted, but in the long run, pure, manly, rather let me say heavenly, love can never fail. It is the moral sentiment, principally under the guidance and impulse of religious zeal, that has civilized the world. Arms, and craft, and mammon, seize their opportunity and mingle in the work, but cannot kill its vitality. That our coloured brethren, equally with ourselves, are susceptible of the moral sentiments, it would be an affront to your discernments to argue. Sir, I read last year in a newspaper an anecdote which seemed to put this point in so beautiful and affecting a light that, with your permission, I will repeat it. A citizen of Rapides, in Louisiana, with his servant, started for California, hoping to improve his not prosperous circumstances by sharing the golden harvest of that region. For a while they were successful, but the health of the master at length failed. What, in that distant region, under a constitution forbidding Slavery, and in that new and scarcely organized society—what was the conduct of the slave? Priest and Levite, as the master lay ill of typhus fever, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But the faithful servant tended, watched, protected his stricken master, by day and by night—his companion, nurse, and friend. At length the master died. What, then, was the conduct of the slave, as he stood on those lonely wastes, by the remains of him who, when living, he had served? He dug his decent grave in the golden sands, gathered up the fruits of their joint labours (these he considered the sacred property of his master's family), toiled a few more weeks under the burning sun of a California summer, to accumulate the means of paying his passage to the States, and then returned to the family of his master, in Louisiana. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. I have heard of tales which, if not true, were well invented. This, at least, is too good to be invented. I believe, I know, it must be true, and such a fact proves far more the capability by the African race of the moral sentiment by which the land of their fathers is to be civilized, than volumes of argument. Sir, that master and that slave ought to be in marble and brass. If a person as humble as myself, so soon to pass away and be forgotten, dare promise it, I would say their memory shall never perish. *O! fortunati ambo; siquid mea carmina possint Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.* There is a moral wealth in that incident beyond the treasures of California. If all the gold she has already yielded to the indomitable industry of the adventurer, and all that she yet locks from the cupidity of man in the virgin chambers of her snow clad sierras, were all molten into one ingot, it would not buy the moral worth of that scene. Sir, I leave you to make the application. I have told you—you knew it well before—how Africa is to be civilized, and who are to do the work. And what remains but to bid God speed to the undertaking?

The delivery of the address was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause.

Rev. Charles H. Reed, of Virginia, delivered a few remarks in support of the position that it is the duty of the whites to sustain the blacks until they can stand alone, and he pressed the colonisation cause as a Christian enterprise.

Hon. C. F. Mercer gave a minute history of the Colonisation Society, urging that the society should be guarded against fanatic Abolitionists on one hand, and the equally fanatic advocates of Slavery as an abstract good, on the other.

The society then adjourned.

THE BEAM AND THE MOTE.

The columns of the *Times* are just now full of letters calling attention to social evils and miseries here, and exhorting the ladies whose proceedings at Stafford-house will be found in our last number, and all others whom it may concern, to beware how they presume to lecture the Americans on the subject of negro Slavery, while sufferings worse than those of slaves are undergone by our own countrymen and countrywomen. The editor, too, spends his most pathetic eloquence and his most cutting sarcasm in the same cause. Christian humility and forbearance are evidently in strong force just now, and detached on the special service of bullying the friends of the black.

Now there is something in this vivid perception of one set of duties, just at the time when another seems to be claiming its share of attention, in this invocation of conscientious delicacy to palliate and smooth over a great crime, which looks very suspicious. It is quite as well that we should consider whether the loud-tongued evangelist of the daily press has reason on his side or not.

We should be the last to advocate the expenditure of labour and money which might be more fruitfully, as well as more naturally, spent at home, in efforts to ameliorate the condition of savage races, of whom we know little and who have only a comparatively distant claim upon our sympathies. We have always thought that the Unitarian body has shown its good sense by preferring rather to be at the head of the Home Missions than to compass sea and land to make one proselyte. It is sheer confusion, which we should call stupid if we did not believe it to be wilful, to treat such efforts as being of the same nature with the remonstrances which we, from time to time, address to our American brethren. The latter stand in this relation to us, that they are members with us of the great commonwealth of civilized States, united with us by a thousand mutual good offices, speaking the same language, reading the same literature, and perpetually coming in contact with us in social intercourse. The simple question then is, are we to treat these people in exactly the same way as if they were not the only leading nation who tolerate the abomination of Slavery within their borders? We have not the smallest hesitation in saying that if we did so, we should be parties to the guilt and shame, and that inasmuch as our polite society is complaisant to all men with the least possible respect to moral considerations, it is wise and right from time to time definitely to remonstrate and protest in a public manner. Our interest in the civilization of Borrioboola Gha may be small and distant, but not so our interest in the maxims which may rule in the bosom of our daughter republic.

But we are met by the cry of "look at home"—a cry so wise and necessary in its right application, and so convenient when used to screen selfishness and save trouble. We shall indulge in no false humility in this matter. We do not believe that there is any abuse here to be compared, in respect of the perversion of the public moral sense which it implies, with American Slavery. Much distress and physical suffering, much vice and crime, there undoubtedly are among us; but it is the virgin soil and not the virtue of America which has as yet exempted her from so large a share of these, while no country has ever done more than England to contend with the difficulties of an ancient society and a crowded population. It may fearlessly be asserted that so soon as it shall be proved that any change would be a substantial amelioration of our social system, from that time we shall slowly but surely gravitate in the new direction indicated to us, with every assistance from good and benevolent men of all classes. We have our impediments, of which religious bigotry is the chief, but they spring more from the healthy independence of individual life and thought in England, than from any other cause. Moreover, the feeling on the subject of American Slavery is strongest in those classes who are foremost in every good work among our own population, as may be proved by a reference to the names of those connected with the Stafford-house meeting.

The *animus* which is actuating the *Times* is sufficiently plain from its article on the brutal case of Lambeth workhouse. A more piteous story of heartless routine enforced by subordinate officers, than the long exclusion and tardy admission of the two poor herorines of that tragedy to shelter in the inclemencies of a December night, has seldom been made public. But how far are the public responsible for it? No sooner does the account appear in the corner of the daily papers, than a member of Parliament at once interrogates the Official Guardian of the poor and helpless in his place in the House. He receives for his answer that investigation is already proceeding. And yet the existence of such a case, so dealt with, is pounced on with all the eagerness of the humility or timidity which seeks to evade the duties of a citizen of the world, as an occasion for warning us not to presume to protest against the transatlantic system which incorporates Slavery with its constitutional law, and treats consistent Abolitionism as something worse than treason.—*London Inquirer.*

THE CUBA SLAVE TRADE AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

The correspondence both in this and other English journals, and the concurrent testimony of our American contemporaries, leave very little doubt that the African slave trade is reviving in the island of Cuba. The cause of this revival is not, however, any abatement in the stringency of our cruising system, either on its coasts or on those of Africa. Our squadrons there were never more stronger, more active, or persevering. At Ambriz our government has refused to allow Portugal to establish a factory, lest a Portuguese settlement in that river for lawful purposes should give any encouragement to the visits of slavers; by the recent affair at Lagos, the slave trade north of the line has been for a time, at least, suppressed; south of the equator the most stringent measures are being taken at Santa Tanga, Cabenda, and in the Rio Congo; over the Portuguese possessions, of which Loanda is the capital, a very strict watch is kept; and everywhere on the western coast of Africa, especially in the Bight of Benin, so long the emporium of illicit trade, a better industry and a lawful commerce are springing up in the most surprising manner.

This, then, is not a time when any revival of the slave trade by Cuba can be tolerated; and yet, in spite of all our cruising efforts, in spite of all treaties, squadrons, and courts of mixed commission, the question of its revival depends more on the Spanish Court and on the Cuban authorities than on any other agency. "The slave trade," it is truly remarked by Commodore Bruce in his report to the admirality, of the 17th January last, "requires no organized system for its support; it might cease for a century and be renewed in a week." It depends on the encouragement given to demand. But recent experience, not only in Brazil, but in Cuba also, shows the power of a determined government to check the demand. Scarcely had the Brasilian Chambers passed the laws we have so frequently described—and the Brazilian government begun to act on them—than the slave traders in Brazil took fright, and of their alarm some curious evidence has lately been published. In the house of King Kosoko, at Lagos, when captured by our squadron, were found a series of letters from his slave trading friends at Bahia. In the earlier portions of this correspondence they give that chief accounts of the proceeds of sales of his human consignment, complain of the preferences he shows to their rivals in the trade, and exhibit all the usual jealousies of mercantile competitors. No sooner, however, were the Brazilian anti-slave trade laws enacted, than the tone of their correspondence totally changes. Instead of desiring, they refuse to receive further consignments; instead of slaves, they ask for palm oil, ground nuts, and other articles of lawful commerce.

> "As the government is decided," says Senhor Bello, writing to the King, "upon putting a stop to the trade, I am desirous that you should not continue to make consignments to me; but for the lawful trade in oil, clothes, and ivory, I shall always be ready to serve you."

Again, a month later, the same once flourishing slave importer, at Bahia, repeats:

> "If you are my friend, you will not consign any more slaves to me, for I would not have them on any account, if they could be had for five or six reis each."

So, also, Senhor Godinho, another Bahia slave merchant, addressing King Kosoko, thus winds up his transactions:

> "Our accounts are thus balanced; and my advices to you, to the effect that I could receive no more commissions to sell *bales* (fardos is the cant Portuguese term for slaves) are now confirmed. I wish you good health, and am, &c."

The government of Brazil ordered the suppressal of slave-dealing, and slave-dealers write thus.

We quote these passages from this remarkable correspondence to show the power of a government to suppress the slave trade. And if this power has proved so efficacious along 4,000 miles of Brazilian coast, how much lighter would be the task of the Spanish government in Cuba? But it is not at the Havana that it will be the duty of Lord John Russell in his new sphere of usefulness, to attack this monstrous revival of the African slave trade. It is at Madrid only that a telling assault can be made upon the abomination. The British government has, of course, no right to dictate to the Spanish court who shall be appointed Captain-General of Cuba; but it has a perfect right to remonstrate against the continuance in power there of a Captain-General, whose principal duty seems to be to give encouragement to a breach of the obligations which Spain has contracted with this country. And this course of conduct, it is to be hoped, Lord John Russell will, in the interests at once of humanity and of Spain itself, lose no time in pursuing.

It is not merely the example of Brazil which proves that the Spanish Court can, if it please, terminate the African slave trade. There is ample evidence in Cuba, also, that a resolute Captain-General can be equally successful. During the government of General Concha, the slave trade in Cuba was nearly suppressed. But its suppression, diminished the gains of the greedy Camarilla at Madrid; and Concha was re-called. Under the rule of Canedo, the slave-trade is reviving—that the coffers of corruption and riot in that capital may be replenished. It was from the profits of this infernal trade that the Queen Mother was furnished with means to overthrow the authority of Espartero; it is by the profits of the trade that she hopes to have the power of restoring absolutism in a country where the throne of her hapless daughter was founded on constitutionalism.

The question of the revival of the Cuban slave trade is therefore a European one; for it is the misrule of Cuba that reacts on the misgovernment of Spain. Deprive the court of Madrid of the wealth it derives from Cuba, and its claws are cut. Throw it back on the revenues of Spain, and it is shorn of a great part of its power of domestic mischief. Cuba yields it more than one million sterling of yearly tribute. But to that tribute must be added the profits which the Queen Mother and the Camarilla derive from the tax paid there by the slave traders, from their jobs in Havana, from the profits they derive from their monoplies, their speculations, and their plantations. Thence it is that they derive means for their plots and conspiracies against liberty at home; thence it is that the misrule of Cuba is stimulated.

It cannot be for the welfare of humanity that Spain shall continue to hold Cuba on such terms as these; and on these terms, and in this state, Spain cannot long continue to hold Cuba. Revolution, annexation, even extinction, will be preferred to the continued and prolonged devastation of Africa, for absolutism, royal plunder, and popular debasement to flourish at Madrid. "The real and well known fact," Lord Palmerston told Lord Howden in one of his latest despatches—

> "Is, that the government of Madrid has systematically and intentionally encouraged the Cuba slave trade for two purposes: First, in order to afford income to a number of ill-paid public officers, or to appointed favourites, by means of bribes given by slave traders; and, secondly, for the purpose of retaining a hold upon the island, because it is thought at Madrid that as long as there is in Cuba a large number of negroes, the white population will cling to the mother country for protection against the black race. But both these motives are founded in error. For it can never be the interest of a government to demoralize its own officers and to accustom them to violate the law; and a mother country will have but a feeble hold of a colony if the strongest tie which connects them is the fear on the part of the planter of an insurrection of the negroes. It is obvious that protection against such danger might be found by other means and in other quarters—by the suppression of the slave trade, which many Cuban proprietors desire; or by an annexation to some other State, for which scheme there are not wanting partisans in Cuba."

"The slave trade," Lord Palmerston also remarked, and in full conformity with all the views expressed in this journal—

> Was till last year carried on in Brazil to a much greater extent than it has been in Cuba; and many persons thought that it would be a task of immense difficulty, and requiring much time for its accomplishment, to put down the Brazilian slave trade. But when the government of Brazil set to work in earnest, and with a real desire to put the slave trade down, the purpose has been, in a great degree, accomplished in a few months, by the ordinary course of law, and without any dictatorial powers.

For the sake, then, of Africa and humanity, of Spain and its liberties, of Cuba and its happiness, of Brazil and its perseverance in its new and better career, of England and its consistency, Lord John Russell will have to address without delay, remonstrances to the court of Madrid, which it can neither avoid nor evade. That court has hitherto had communications from Lord Palmerston on the subject, two of which we elsewhere insert.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

Viscount Palmerston to Lord Howden.

Foreign Office, Oct. 17, 1851.

My Lord—With reference to the satisfaction expressed by the Spanish government at the orders given to her Majesty's cruisers, to prevent any band of adventurers, of any nation, from landing in Cuba, to excite or to join insurrection, I have to instruct your lordship to say to the Spanish government, that the best way in which it could make its acknowledgments for this measure on the part of her Majesty's government would be by punctually fulfiling the treaty engagements of the Spanish crown against the slave trade, and by rigidly enforcing the laws of Spain on that subject.

During the last fourteen or fifteen years those treaty engagements have been flagrantly violated, and those laws have been systematically and notoriously broken through in Cuba and Puerto Rico. It must be manifest and plain, however, to the common understanding, that these violations of treaty, and these breaches of law, would not have happened if the government of Madrid had been determined to prevent them.

That which has happened in regard to the slave trade in Brazil is a parallel case.

For a long course of years the slave trade was carried on in Brazil to an enormous extent. The Brazilian government always met the representations of the British government by assurances and declarations; but the slave trade continued without check.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

At last, in the summer of 1850, circumstances induced the Brazilian government to set to work in earnest to fulfil the treaty engagements of the Brazilian crown, and to enforce the laws of the Brazilian empire; and as soon as the will to do so existed, the way to do so was found, and in the short space of a few months results were with the greatest ease accomplished, which for a long course of years had been represented as utterly impossible.

A similar result would take place in Cuba and Puerto Rico, if a similar course were pursued by the Spanish government; and her Majesty's government cannot but entertain a hope that the cabinet of Madrid will at last awaken to a due sense of its duties and obligations, and will put an end to a system of crime and piracy which is a stain on the Spanish character, and on the honour of the Spanish crown. I have to desire that your lordship will give a copy of this despatch to the Spanish minister. I am, &c.,

(Signed), PALMERSTON.

Viscount Palmerston to Lord Howden.

MY LORD—I have received your lordship's despatch of the 1st instant, transmitting a copy of a note which you had received from M. de Miraflores in reply to your note of the 26th ult., recommending, on behalf of her Majesty's government, that the government of Spain should follow the example set them by New Granada, in declaring the total abolition of Slavery in that republic.

With reference to that passage in M. Miraflores' note, in which he states that the Spanish government cannot understand how her Majesty's government can seriously recommend a measure which would prove very injurious to the natives of Cuba, when they also recommend that the Spanish government should conciliate the affection of those Cubans, I have to instruct your lordship to observe to M. de Miraflores that the slaves of Cuba form a large portion, and by no means an unimportant one, of the population of Cuba, and that any steps taken to provide for their emancipation would, therefore, as far as the black population is concerned, be quite in unison with the recommendations made by her Majesty's government, that measures should be adopted for contenting the people of Cuba, with a view to secure the connection between that island and the Spanish crown; and it must be evident that, if the negro population of Cuba were rendered free, that fact would create a most powerful element of resistance to any scheme for annexing Cuba to the United States, where Slavery still exists.

With regard to the bearing which negro emancipation would have on the interests of the white proprietors, it may safely be affirmed that free labour costs less than slave labour, and it is indisputable that a free and contented peasantry are safer neighbours for the wealthy classes above them than ill-treated and resentful slaves; and that slaves must, from the nature of things, be more or less ill treated is a truth which belongs to the inherent principles of human nature, and is quite as inevitable as the sentiment, however suppressed it may be, which is the consequence of ill treatment. It does not seem, therefore, that the communications which you were instructed to make of the measure which had been adopted by the government and parliament of New Granada, can justly be deemed as at all at variance with the friendly sentiments felt and expressed by her Majesty's government towards Spain with relation to the affairs of Cuba. I am, &c.,

(Signed) PALMERSTON.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN BELFAST.

[From The (Belfast, Ireland) Northern Whig.]

ON Tuesday evening, a large and highly respectable meeting of the friends of the Anti-Slavery movement in Belfast was held in the methodist Chapel, Donegall-place, for the purpose of considering the propriety of presenting an address and testimonial to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There was a large attendance of Clergymen of various denominations in the body of the house, besides those taking part in the proceedings of the evening. The Chair was occupied by Dr. M'Gee, Mayor-elect, and among those on the platform were the Rev. W. M. O'Hanlon, Rev. Dr. Edgar, Rev. G. Shaw, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Murphy, Rev. Wm. Johnston, Rev. Mr. M'Carroll, J. Stanfield, Esq., &c.

The proceedings having been commenced with prayer,

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the business of the evening, briefly addressed the meeting, thanking them for placing him in the position which he then occupied. He thought it his duty to bear the testimony of his experience in the West Indies to the great truths laid down in the work which they had that evening assembled to celebrate; although he should say that the system followed out there was of a much milder form than that which prevailed in the slave States of America. The system, however, under any form, was opposed to all the principles of Divine law, and deserved the reprobation of every right-minded individual (hear, hear). It had been said that Slavery is advocated in the Bible; but he (Dr. M'Gee) could not better meet that assertion of the slaveholder than by saying that the Scripture is the historian and not the apologist of Slavery (applause). Who could believe that the justice of the Lord would sanction man to traffic in the flesh and blood of his fellow-man? Was it because they were allowed to go on in that dreadful trade that they conceived it received the sanction of Divine law? Why, it might as well be said that because God permitted sin, He therefore approved of it (hear, hear). The people of these countries had been told by the slaveholder to look at home and first eradicate evils among themselves before interfering with their neighbours; but should the existence of any evils in this country be an apology for their not crying out against the commission of those crimes which are engenderd by the slave laws (applause)? But he felt that their business there that evening was less to denounce Slavery than to address the thanks of the friends of the slave in Belfast to that high-minded lady who had had the courage and ability to deal a great blow to that horrid system (loud cheers). He (Dr. M'Gee) trusted that the people of the United States would take a lesson in time, and wipe away the stain of Slavery from the character of their country, for, if they did not, a terrible retribution might visit them. They should follow the example of St. Domingo, and give hope and freedom to the millions remaining in bondage among them (applause).

The Rev. Dr. MURPHY was then appointed Secretary to the meeting, and

The Rev. Dr. WILSON rose to move the first resolution as follows: "That this meeting avows its deep and solemn conviction that the Slavery existing in the United States of America is throughout opposed to the laws of eternal right and justice, and to the principles and spirit of Christianity—that it is inimical to the social and moral interests of the nation at large, as well as grossly inconsistent with the great principles which lie at the basis of the American Constitution, and, as such, it imperatively demands the condemnation of all the friends of freedom, humanity and religion throughout the world." That resolution (continued the Rev. Doctor) called upon them to record their deep and solemn conviction regarding the character of American Slavery. Their object was a Christian one, and one in which every Irishman must feel a deep and almost personal interest (hear). With the great people of America they were intimately connected by langunge, by blood, and by religion; and, in the most favoured parts of America, the inhabitants look on Great Britain as the parent country. How many were there to whom the rolling waves of the Atlantic could not break the kindred feelings and sympathies that bind in both countries heart and heart together? He fully recognised the greatness of the young spirit of America, and awarded her a great share of influence and enlightenment among the most favoured nations of the earth (hear, hear). But, in considering the enlightenment and intelligence of the United States of America, they did not bring in the question of her Slavery, which disgraced that great country. On the contrary, while, as a matter of Christian duty and conviction, we were called upon to denounce her inhuman system of Slavery—a blot on her very constitution, and a blood-spot on her national character—we look forward to a better state of things in time to come (hear and cheers). In regard to this system, he felt they were in some measure bound to interfere. In this island they had, in the first instance, taken the beam from their own eyes, and they were then trying to take it from the eyes of their brother (hear, hear). There were men at that time upon the platform with him (Dr. Wilson) who had done good service in putting down Slavery in the West India Islands (hear and cheers), and these men could not stand idly by while that dreadful system was carried on to a still greater height at the other side of those islands (hear, hear). They loved the British power and the British name to the ends of the earth, and therefore they hated British Slavery (applause). They rejoiced in the young strength of America, and they wished her truly to be the land of the free and the home of the brave (hear).

What, then, he asked, was that Slavery? It was a system by which three and a quarter millions of human beings are held in a state of bondage disgraceful to a Christian community, and in many respects in a position like that of the beasts that perish. And were there any signs of a decrease of the evil? In 1790, the slave population of the United States was under 700,000; it is now 3,000,000 or 4,000,000; and this reason had been advanced as an argument in favour of Slavery. A writer in *The North British Review* had said that in St. Domingo the slave population were decreasing, while in America they were increasing, and this was advanced as an argument of the happiness of the slave population of America. If the writer of that article had looked to other matters he (Dr. Wilson) believed he could have accounted for this fact by different means. America was a great country, where much land yet remained open to the hand of the labourer, and where the demand in the labour market was always great. But there was another reason for that increase, and that was the darkest feature of a wicked and atrocious system (hear). Had this writer looked at the almost systematic custom followed out in breeding and rearing slaves in America—had he looked into the relations which so often exist between the slaves and their masters—so far from the increase in the population arising from the improved physical condition of the unfortunate people, it would be found to result from what the speaker blushed to refer to, and the pen would shrink from putting down (sensation). But much of this had been laid before them in that great work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The Rev. Dr. continued to say that the resolution declared the system of Slavery to be opposed to "eternal rights and justice." Three or four millions of human beings held in a state of bondage—driven to the market and sold again and again—wives separated from their husbands, mothers and fathers from their children, and brothers from sisters—the auctioneer describing their powers as he would cattle in the field—can the God of eternal justice approve of such a crime and moral degradation as that (applause)? It is said that the slave population of South Carolina is very happy. A slave very happy! Why, such an assertion was opposed to the love of freedom which throbbed in the breast of every man. A slave very happy! Why then did he run away (applause)? The slave population very happy, and the South newspapers presenting the figure of the runaway black with a little parcel on his shoulder, and giving the most minute description of his person in order to effect his capture! Why make all these exertions—why offer all these rewards, merely to restore a man to happiness (applause)? These, assuredly, were strange evidences of the perfect happiness of the black population. If the slave population was perfectly happy, why did they enter into deep conspiracy to burst their bonds for freedom (applause)? If the slaves were happy, why the Fugitive Act—why the Fugitive Slave Law (hear, hear)? Why drag the whole Congress, with all the free States, into the mire of supporting a system which God and man have doomed to extermination (applause)? If the slave was happy, he had extinguished in his breast that freedom which was the dearest wish and inalienable birth-right of every human being. Look, continued the Rev. Doctor, at the Slavery in ancient Rome, and examine what that Slavery produced. She had her slaves too, and those slaves assisted to bring her down from her greatness to the position she has occupied in later times. The same consequences, he believed, would ensue, if some steps were not taken by those nations which allowed the great evil to continue increasing among them. Pagan Rome possessed the most arbitrary powers of life and death over her slaves, like nations of the present day; but she, at last, was made to tremble, for that Slavery arose in its might, and made the mistress of the world tremble on her throne (applause). In searching the history of ancient Rome, he (Dr. Wilson) could find abundant allusion to the power which she possessed over the life and death, fetters and dungeons, in connection with the slave; but he had failed to find any law trenching on the prerogatives of the mind of the slave (hear and cheers). There was no command that he should be kept in a mental state equal to that of the brute; but what Rome never dared to attempt—what the Pagan never ventured to place among his laws, Christain America had not only attempted, but accomplished (applause). He (Dr. Wilson) looked to the Alabama Digest, and he found it there written that any person who shall teach a coloured man or a slave to spell or to read shall be fined, on conviction for the same, a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, and not less than two hundred and fifty dollars (hear, hear). Further on he also found that the man who is found guilty of torturing a slave shall be fined not less than two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars is the maximum sum for ill-treating or torturing a slave, and two hundred and fifty dollars penalty for teaching a coloured man to read or to spell (hear). Five hundred for teaching, and two hundred dollars for torturing the slave (hear, hear)! What, he asked, would uphold the slaveholder's supporters in that position? Then, again, there were certain easy means placed in the hands of the Roman slaveholder for the purpose of setting their slaves free, but what did the laws of the slave States of America do for that object? Why, there were so many obstacles thrown in the way of a party wishing the manumission of a number of his slaves, that the life of the owner passed away before the difficulties and encumbrances thrown in his way by the law could be overcome. In 1782, 10,000 slaves were set free in Virginia, but immediately afterwards, imagining that the feelings of humanity had given way, the screw of the law was put on with a still firmer hand (hear, hear). The next point of the resolution which he (Dr. Wilson) would refer to, was that which said Slavery was opposed to the spirit and precepts of Christianity. When the religion of Christ first came before the world, and made its appearance at the Court of the Roman Emperor, what was the result? The Slavery which had reigned superior in those dominions melted away under the beams of our common Christianity; and many great authors had borne testimony to the fact that Slavery had declined in the early ages under that great power. The Rev. Doctor continued to argue on this point, that if Slavery had been in conformity with the Gospel, it was not likely that on the spread of Christianity it would have diminished. Is there any man, he asked, who believes that if the principles of the Gospel were carried out in South America, Slavery would not stop its progress? "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Would Slavery stand that? If the seventh commandment were carried out, would Slavery stand (hear, hear)? The speaker then went on to argue that Slavery is "inimical to the social and moral interest of the nation at large." It has been (continued Dr. Wilson) said, with truth, that wherever Slavery is seen, the one end of the chain is tied to the poor bondsman, and the other is round the neck of his master. There was a terrible reciprocity in Slavery. The consequences follow both slave and master. What was the position of the wife of a planter in a Southern State? Why, she was merely the first slave of his harem; and was it not attested by the strongest evidence, that immorality on some of the estates of the Virginian planters was carried to the grossest licentiousness. Where did they find man's worst passions most fully developed? In the Southern States of America. Where were the most inhuman murders? In the Southern States of America. Where did the bowie knife reign supreme? In the Southern States of America. In these districts he (Dr. Wilson) believed there were men of mercy; but the temper of man would not overcome the temptations which were sometimes held out (hear). After some further remarks, the Rev. Dr. said that an anecdote was related by a lady who had travelled in some of the Southern States, which forcibly showed how the ties of feeling and sympathy were occasionally snapped asunder by the spirit which had been embodied in people of the highest rank by these laws. This lady had fallen in, in the course of her travels in the Southern States, with a lady who had a large number of slaves on her estate, and among others a beautiful Quadroon girl. A neighbouring planter, as she related the story, called upon her, and said he had fallen deeply in love with the girl, and wished to marry her. Now, marriage with a slave was a thing never thought of; and the lady refused her. However, the planter called again, and protested that he was deeply in love—the love of a planter towards a slave was a somewhat rare thing—that he could not exist without her; and the lady was eventually moved by appeal, and consented to part with her great favourite for—1,500 dollars (hear, hear)! This was the conduct of a woman. There was a character. There was a woman receiving 1,500 dollars as the wages of prostitution (sensation). The Rev Dr. then proceeded to refer to the laws of Slavery as being contrary to the basis of the Constitution of the United States, and mentioned the opinion expressed by the illustrious Jefferson in favour of freedom, to the black population. He could not sit down, he said, without recording his opinion, as a Christian Minister, on the conduct of the Ministers of religion in the United States. He believed that they were not doing their duty (applause). He believed that the Presbyterians of America were not doing their duty and acting in conformity with the Gospel (applause). After some further remarks, Dr. Wilson concluded by saying that he called upon the Presbyterians of America, in the name of truth and liberty, to act faithfully by the slaves of America (applause).

Mr. JAMES STANDFIELD briefly seconded the resolution. The Americans, he said, had stated that Slavery was forced upon them by Great Britian, but why did they not shake it off as they did the power of this country, when they asserted their independence (hear, hear)? They said they would be happy to get rid of Slavery, but did not know the means; why then did they put the trained bloodhounds on the track of the slave (applause)? He contended that, if the men of America did their duty, Slavery must go down (applause). When he (Mr. Standfield), with others in Belfast attacked Slavery in the British West Indies, they were told that they were meddling in matters which did not concern them—in impracticable matters; they were told this by some of the wise men, some of the Solons, of the day; but he lived to see that great measure carried out triumphantly (applause). From the great day when the Act of Slave Emancipation was passed, the foot of a slave, thank God, never trod the free soil of the Englishh territories (applause)—on which the sun never sets (applause). Mr. Standfield continued in eloquent terms to speak of the course in which he had been so long engaged, and, at his conclusion, was loudly applauded.

The resolution was put from the Chair and passed unanimously.

Rev. Mr. O'HANLON, on coming forward to propose the next resolution, was received with loud applause. The resolution was as follows—"That this meeting acknowledges with delight the mighty impulse which has been given to the Anti-Slavery Cause, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, by the unparalleled circulation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and would take this opportunity of testifying its sense, not only of the consummate genius displayed in that production, but more especially of the unspeakable value of the great principles which it is sowing broadcast throughout the mind both of Europe and of America." Commencing upon the above, he said he believed that the worship of genius was not one of the forms of idolatry to which the people in this part of the world were very prone, or, indeed, the inhabitants of what are called the civilized lands in general, if we except a small portion of the German people, who are looked upon by the rest of the modern world as dwellers in cloud-land, and, therefore, not to be reckoned among the sane and sensible of the earth—creatures to be wondered at, ridiculed, everything but imitated (hear and cheers). In fact, talents and tastes had been turned into another channel. We are nothing unless we are critical in these days. But what was chiefly to be complained of was the existence of the paltry spirit of sect and party—that spirit which had, to so large an extent, tainted religion, and reduced the beauteous robe of Christianity, woven in Heaven and dyed with blood divine, into a thing of shreds and patches, or, at least, into a parti-coloured garment to be fought for by angry disputants in fierce theological warfare—that detestable party spirit had intruded itself into our literature; and no one who was a close observer could fail to perceive to what extent the status of a thinker or writer is attempted to be fixed by not a few who usurp the critics chair, according to the theological or ecclesiastical standard point which that writer or thinker occupies in the community. The old saying, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" has not yet ceased to be heard on the earth, notwithstanding all the labours of the Evangelical Alliance, and all their eloquent sayings, and he often met with this narrow, odious spirit, where he had little reason to expect to find it. Amidst these so common exhibitions, it was gratifying to meet with an instance where the forces of genius is so great as to disarm and baffle criticism, and quell and subdue the spirit of religious bigotry. Perhaps a more illustrious example of this had not occurred since the revival of learning in Europe than is to be found in the history of the production which they had met this evening to celebrate. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was truly a masterpiece of dramatic composition. It displays imagination, and all the creative plastic powers of true nature, original genius, such as are seldom found in our somewhat common-place tomes, and such as are sure to obtain for it not a mere transient, but a permanent renown. Already 200,000 copies of the work had issued from the press in Great Britain; and he believed one bookseller alone, confessed to at least 100,000 copies of a circulation (cheers). In the course of an eloquent commentary on the work itself, on the authoress, and on the results likely to follow from the interest she had created, the reverend speaker referred to Mrs. Stowe as a true-hearted sister who had spoken a mighty word for humanity—for three millions of the feeble and oppressed children of Africa, held in vile and degrading bondage in a nation that boasts itself the freest on the face of the earth. She had spoken, he continued, a mighty word for liberty, the dearest birth-right of man, without which all other rights and liberties whatsoever are but a solemn empty mockery. She has spoken a mighty word for justice, trampled upon by illustrious—no, not illustrious—infamous Senators of her native land. She has lifted a sweet but powerful voice for religion outraged by the base betrayer—doubly base, because the outrage is perpetrated at the altar of that Divine faith which teaches us the equality of all of every colour and every clime in the sight of a common Father and a common Saviour. She has spoken reverently and humbly, but mightily, for God, insulted by the legalized barbarism and cruelty of a people, who are not afraid in the face of the world looking on, and the face of Eternal Justice armed with vengeance looking down, to buy and sell, to lash and torture, to tread into the dust, and to crush into chattels, God's own image, the souls He has made and endowed with a portion of His own divinity (applause). Yes, she has dared to speak, and the world has heard, and will hear, the words which have flowed from the depths of her impassioned soul. It is the long, deep, agonized wail of bleeding, torn, lacerated humanity. It is the solemn cry of martyred virtue and religion issuing from beneath the altar of God. "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" Nefarious attempts may be made by a venial and corrupt press, backed by Joel Parker, doctor in divinity, to blast her reputation and to check the work which her hand has begun; but it is all in vain. As well attempt to arrest the lightning in its course, or bid the swelling ocean be still. This little volume contains more real divinity than Dr. Joel Parker, Dr. Spring, and some others equally renowned on that side of the Atlantic, have taught in all their tomes and sermons for some days past, or are likely to do for some days to come, unless they prosecute their studies in a far different spirit, and read their Bibles according to a very different fashion from that which seems to be prevalent in the Churches and colleges of America in the present times (hear, hear). It contains more real divinity, because it contains more true humanity. Referring then to the union of Divinity and humanity, he said that, in his opinion, if theology be the science of God and of things divine, they were bound to lift up their voices against any doctrine that inculcates sentiments directly contrary to the interests and well-being of humanity (hear, hear). Some of the transatlantic teachers in colleges and Churches may pretend to find a thing which they call Slavery in the Old Scriptures. I will not wait to discuss that question, for it is useless. But I cannot, I confess, entertain much respect for the understanding of that man; or, at all events, I much fear that it is under a dread eclipse in this department—who argues from the system of bondage referred to in the Jewish Scripture, to the system of Slavery established in the United States of America. Even were there any parallel between them, before America could justify her conduct in holding these millions of the children of Africa in vassalage, she must shew her credentials from Heaven, she must be able like the Israelites to exhibit her character—"Thus saith the Lord" (hear). Does it follow because the Israelites were commanded by the Most High to exterminate the tribes that had filled up the measure of their iniquity—that we, without any sanction from God, shall unsheathe the sword and rush to war to exterminate whom we will? Or does it follow that because, as part of the same retributive justice, He permitted and regulated for the time being a species of bond service of an ameliorating rather than oppressive in its nature, we in modern times, after the introduction of a new and better era, and in circumstances wholly different from those in which the Israelites stood, shall, without the shadow of warrant from God, in the direct face of the whole spirit and precepts of Christianity, and to promote our own selfish ends, establish and perpetuate a system, under which man shall possess property in the limbs and labour, and life and soul of his fellow-man (applause)? The position is monstrous, and is as bad in logic as it is in all that pertains to the higher attributes of our nature. And it becomes tenfold worse when we consider that all this special pleading is designed to bolster up a system of Slavery the vilest upon which the sun ever looked down, that ever existed since man became the foulest, direst foe of man (cheers)—a system upon which both Testaments pronounce God's anathema—a system which ignores man's responsibility, man's immortality, by denying him education, by withholding from him the Word of God—a system which legalizes adultery and sets aside marriage, the divinely constituted source and fountain of human moralities and all the tender charities of life—a system which tears the wife from the arms of the husband, and the children from the embrace of the parent—(as we behold in the truthful pictures of the book whose fame is now filling the civilized world)—a system which imbrutes man, and then pleads this imbrutement as the ground of still deeper degradation and misery—a system which hunts the panting fugitive in pursuit of liberty, and by the arms of hired myrmidoms and ruffians, drag him back to bondage and the lash—a system which is every year seeking to extend its territories, because a righteous vengeance is exhausting and blighting the fields where its lawless power is exerted—a system which has now, thanks to Daniel Webster, one of the greatest and vilest names America has ever produced (though dead, we will not now palliate his crimes, for they live after him) involved the free States, making them contrary to the fundamental principles of the Constitution—the catchpolls—the jailors—the bribed and baited creatures of its will, in the preservation of its blood-stained traffic, in the guardianship of its human chattels—a system which, in one word (for what more need I say), before us, in all its iniquity, in the pages of this immortal work, and is now even held forth to the execration of the civilized world by a woman, who has the talent and genius to depict, and the courage, the piety, and the fidelity to denounce, the whole as the basest compound of human selfishness, lust, injustice, and impiety (loud cheers). After some further eloquent remarks, the Rev. Gentleman thus apostrophized the slave-land—Be warned, oh young Republic, oh youthful Empire, seated on the Alleghanies, thy eye roaming from North to South, and thy wing outstretched from the waters of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic! Be warned. God yet liveth, justice is not yet dead, vengeance has not yet laid aside her veil of indignation. Thy star-spangled banner already droops heavily in the dust, and scarce can we discern thy crown of pride through the tears and blood by which it is dimmed (applause). Hark! there is a long, deep cry of agony going up to the Throne of the Eternal from three millions of thy bondmen. Land of liberty! land of Slavery! thy doom is written unless thou repent, and thy fall will be deeper, deadlier than that of any people that have preceded thee on the roll of history (applause). Another voice has smitten thine ear—sent by Him who is unwilling to strike while there is hope of amendment—it is the voice of woman speaking with the might of gentleness, of truth, of love (hear, hear). We wait with trembling solicitude, with anxiety intense, the result of this appeal to all the better, manlier, more Christian feelings which may still exist in the bosom of slaveholding America. And we fondly trust that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* will succeed, after all the laboured arguments of orators and philanthropists have failed, to arouse the conscience and the heart of a sinful and guilty nation. The Reverend speaker resumed his seat amid long-continued applause.

Rev. Mr. JOHNSTON briefly seconded the resolution.

The Rev. Dr. EDGAR briefly moved the next resolution: "That, in accordance with the previous resolution, this meeting would present the following address to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with the hope that its circulation in America may serve to strengthen her hands, and those of others, who in that land are earnestly contending for human rights and liberties in opposition to the iniquitous, cruel, and demoralizing system of negro oppression lately aggravated by the enactment of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, and thus contribute, in however feeble a degree, to hasten on the hour of deliverance for the slave and his master." The Rev. Dr. then read the address to Mrs. Stowe, which, he said, had been drawn up by himself:

ADDRESS.

We, whose names are subscribed, publicly assembled in Belfast, the capital of Ulster, in Ireland, most cordially offer you, as author of the work entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," our sympathy, and admiration, and gratitude. In our own name, we thank you for the lessons of wisdom we have been taught, and the delight we have felt; in the name of the downtrodden slave, we thank you, as his most eloquent, powerful advocate; in the name of the whole family of man, we thank you for your triumphant defence of human rights, and for the glory with which you have encircled and ennobled the humane name. Most cheerfully do we volunteer our testimony, that by an employment unsurpassed, of taste, and invention, and humour, and mental vigour, and command of diction above all that usually falls to the lot of mortal, you have made self-denying virtue and heaven-born piety interesting and inviting, in a work of imagination founded on fact, and have thus become one of the greatest public benefactors of this or of any age.

Though separated from you by the broad Atlantic, and never, perhaps, to see your face in the flesh, we feel towards you as a dear familiar friend, not merely because the name of Stowe is known to us, and your own character shines with such sweet attraction in your "Sempstress" and "Uncle Tom," and "Sabbath" and "Aunt Mary," and other inimitable "Tales and sketches from real life," but because, in the peerless excellence of the chief characters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we have become familiar with your own; and because, by the connection which your name, Beecher Stowe, establishes between your maiden and married life, we recognise you as a beloved and honoured daughter of the great and good Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of the Temperance Reformation, one of America's most eloquent orators, popular authors, and devoted patriots—one who, by himself and his family, exalted by talents, acquirements, unwearied benevolence, and Christian principle, has conferred such benefits on America, and shed on her such a glory, that, amid all the infamous slave-owners and wretched slaves who call her mother, it may console her to have given birth to a family who, with the name Beecher, will transmit to posterity a peerless example, an immortal blissful influence, and a deathless fame.

To yourself and your revered father may be suitably applied the language of Sir James M'Intosh, regarding the great Sir Thomas More and his admirable daughter Margaret, whose learning was celebrated throughout Christendom, and whose remains were found in the grave, with her murdered father's trunkless head lying where once had been her bosom: "It is seldom that literature wears a more agreeable aspect than when it becomes a bond of union between such a father and such a daughter."

That daughter is now, in the great sphere of human rights and liberty, the woman, in distinction from all others, on whom comes the blessing of him that is ready to perish, and towards whom the eyes of countless multitudes turn, with an interest, fervour, and enthusiasm which hearts can feel, but which tongues cannot tell. She is ruling in the world of mind, with a power, in comparison with which the might of the conquering sword and the despot's iron sceptre are but as the toys of infancy; her benevolent genius, sanctified by the truth, is effecting reformation which can be exceeded only by miracles of divine grace; by her powerful benignant influence, she is educating human liberty, according to her own beautiful language, as the sunshine educates the flower into full and perfect life; and when all that is mortal of her dies to this world, her words and deeds of unutterable love will shed a twilight around her memory, only to fade away in the brightness of Heaven.

Our main object, however, in thus addressing you, is not to give the tribute of our admiration to genius of the highest order, or to record our veneration for inestimable personal worth; we come before the world, under our common bright sun and clear sky, to claim you, in our common mother tongue, as a fellow-labourer, friend, and sister, in the bonds of a common love of liberty, and detestation of Slavery in all its abominable forms; and to assure you of our unanimous and enthusiastic co-operation with you, by our speech and writing, and labours and prayers, to put down, in America and everywhere, now and for evermore, that accursed thing, which we utterly detest, and utterly abhor, because it is an accursed thing.

We desire to strengthen your hands and the hands of all friends of the slave by the expression of our firm belief, that American Slavery, not only has no encouragement, no apology in the Bible, but is an insult to the God of the Bible and an outrage against his law—an outrage against the spirit and precepts of His law—who, having made of one blood all nations, bids each man love his neighbour as himself—loose the bands of wickedness—break every yoke—and whose own Son, coming to save the lost, proclaimed liberty to the captive and bade the oppressed be free.

Looking to America, as we have long looked with tenderest interest, as the adopted home of many of our dear friends—the last refuge and last hope of multitudes of our evicted, houseless, homeless countrymen—the great young kingdom of the West, where the language, and customs, and religion of England and Ireland will live and spread when we are all gone—we earnestly desire its prosperity, and, therefore, with our whole heart we seek the immediate, and utter, and eternal extermination of its Slavery, because its Slavery is the enemy of its wealth—compulsory labour being withering and wasting—the enemy of its education, without which no nation can be great and free—the enemy of marriage, and female virtue, and domestic bliss, without which man's lot must be degradation and misery—the enemy of the Bible and the religion of the Bible, for, as the despot knows full well, by the healthy public sentiment which the religion of the Bible forms, Slavery has been already banished from many lands, and shall yet be banished from all the world.

In the spirit of Christian sympathy and love, we offer you our prayers, our contributions, our help in every way, consistent with the Gospel, for rescuing the slave from the hands of his manstealing oppressive lord, being convinced that opposition to arbitrary power is striking for liberty, and that the life-blood of liberty is the Gospel, which, wherever felt in power, elevates the slave from the degradation of a beast to the dignity of a man, gives him property and liberty, and education, and wife, and children, and home and country all secure, and enables him to feel an act with the independence, self-respect, and self-reliance of a man freeborn.

In the exercise of Christian love to the slaveowners, as well as to the slaves of America, we come forth to do honour to the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," because we heartily concur in her terrific exposures of the ruinous influence of Slavery on the master as well as the slave.

He who knew man's heart put the prayer in his lips—"Lead us not into temptation;" and he who knows his own self will tremble at the thought of being placed at the mercy of his own unbridled passion, and set above the restraint of law. What tongue could tell the hatred of God and his worship, and people, the oaths and blasphemies, and profanations of the Sabbath, the impurities and adulteries, and robberies and murders in their most aggravated and revolting forms, not among slaves, but slave-owners, which have been generated by this unjust and cruel, and vile and desolating scourge? Alas! that a single individual bearing the name of man, should be subjected to the brutalizing influence of a system, under which conscience loses its power, the heart its sensibility, and the affections their tenderness; under which, the victim of the system he supports, made ferocious, sordid, selfish, soon leaves behind the wreck of what he was, and to all that is pure and lovely, and of good report, bids a last farewell.

Knowing, as we now do, better than ever before, the ills of Slavery, through a work circulated and approved beyond all precedent, we remember, with feelings of inexpressible bitterness, that the supporters and defenders of American Slavery in all its unutterable horrors, with all its anguish of spirit and cruel bondage, are not slaveholders alone, not the Legislators and people of the slave States merely, but the Congress and people, the whole Christian people, by their representatives, of the whole United States of America, by passing, and upholding the unjust, unmerciful, and iniquitous Fugitive Slave Law.

By the whole people, therefore, especially the whole Christian people of the United States of America, we wish our voice to be heard in this our address to one who has done a work for their country like that of a benignant angel, to deliver them from disgrace and scorn, to save them from the consequences of Heaven's accumulating wrath, which is gathering every day, that the cry of the oppressed enters into the ears of the God of Sabaoth.

Instead of believing it not for their honour that God hath sold their enemy into the hand of a woman, let them glory in the thought that the deliverance of themselves and their slaves may come by no blood-stained insurrection, or servile war, but by the power of *the truth*, through woman's guileless lips, from woman's heart of love; and that the song of their emancipation may be more pure and more sublime by far than that of Deborah and Barak, when they sang—"Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber, be; blessed shall she be above women."

The Rev. Mr. TAYLOR seconded the resolution. He expressed the great pleasure he had in taking part in the proceedings of the evening, tendering his tribute of respect to the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and joining in the protest against the iniquitous slave law.

The motion was then passed unanimously.

Rev. Mr. TAYLOR moved the next resolution as follows; "That a public testimonial of admiration and gratitude be presented to Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that this shall be a piece of plate bearing a suitable inscription—the expense of a testimonial being met by a subscription from the public of a penny and upwards, and that the names read be a Committee to carry this resolution into effect."

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Knox, and passed.

A Committee having been appointed to collect subscriptions in aid of the proposed testimonials, Dr. M'Gee was moved from the Chair, and Dr. Edgar called to the same.

The Chairman (in conveying the thanks of the meeting to Dr. M'Gee) said he considered the meeting should take the credit of breaking in Dr. M'Gee for the duties of his new office as Mayor of Belfast (laughter and applause). He (Dr. Edgar) had no doubt that their late Chairman would discharge his duties during the coming year with equally the same high credit to himself as he had done that evening (applause).

The meeting then separated.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

**** All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

‡‡ Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or, to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1853.

Nineteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

IT is with no less pleasure than surprise that we announce to the friends and patrons of the Bazaar of 1853 how great its success has been. Faneuil Hall and all the other large halls of Boston were denied us; the first from a spirit of active pro-slavery hostility, that had at last learned to comprehend the importance of the instrumentality at whose existence it had so long unthinkingly connived; the others from pecuniary considerations merely. Under these circumstances, Horticultural Hall, in School Street, was the best that could be obtained. Its smallness alone occasioned us to hesitate, for in respect to pleasant and central situation and facility of access, it is immeasurably superior to any Hall that the Bazaar has for many years occupied. It has likewise the advantage of being so neatly and tastefully fitted up as to supersede the necessity for that wealth of ornament by which, at the expense of much time and labour, Faneuil Hall was rendered so beautiful. We had, indeed, no room to spare for wreaths or evergreens. Every inch of available space was needed for the display of such articles as might be so arranged as to form a graceful drapery for the walls, and at the same time exhibit their own beauty of colouring and texture.

As far as a striking and elegant *coup d'œil* is concerned, the present Bazaar was of course far inferior to those of previous years. No comparison in this respect, indeed, could be properly instituted; but in the great abundance of contributions, their beauty, taste, rarity and utility, the collections of any former occasion have been greatly exceeded. We were at first entirely unable to conceive how, in so limited a space, we could in any degree do justice to our merchandise; and when, by the exercise of considerable ingenuity, this problem was solved, we almost felt as if we had been transported into the regions of Arabian story, and made possessors of the spell by which the pavillion, whether extended to the size of an acre, or diminished to that of a nut shell, alike served the turn of its occupant. Faneuil Hall! we felt it a great declension of dignity when we turned from its ample and vaulted arches, and pictures of heroes, and old associations of struggle, and revolt, and stormy revolution, and found shelter in little Horticultural Hall, suggestive of nothing but fruits and flowers. That class of ascetic critics (we confess it is our temptation to look too tolerantly on all such) who regard Fancy Fairs and Bazaars, in themselves considered, with a suspicious and doubtful eye, might, apart from the spirit in which we labour, and the end to which our toil is devoted, feel that the latter instead of the former, were our proper place. We shall not debate the question here; but if its settlement depends on success, Horticultural Hall may fairly claim the suffrages. The receipts of this year amounted to $4,030, exceeding by $1,000, those of the previous year, exceeding, indeed, those of any other year, with the sole exception of the Bazaar of 1846, at which time Boston was under the delusion that she was an Anti-Slavery city, quite prepared to dissolve the Union in case of the admission of Texas, and indignant at the suggestion that a slave could be taken from her borders. Our receipts were then a few hundred dollars more than the present; but when we consider that since that time every refuge of lies has been swept away and the Anti-Slavery and Pro-Slavery spirit stand more closely and directly opposed than ever before, without veil or subterfuge, we feel that our measure of success has been such as to supply all needed strength and encouragement for future labour and conflict.

In any specific undertaking like this of our Bazaar, it is difficult to estimate with perfect justice the causes which go to make up comparative success or failure, nor is attendance or non-attendance at a Bazaar, nor any other isolated act, a test of Anti-Slavery zeal and faithfulness, yet we do not deem ours an uncharitable judgment when we confess to a disappointment in regard to the result of the great enthusiasm and interest aroused in our community by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "White Slave." These volumes, especially the first, have been circulated so widely in all classes of society, have called forth so many expressions of well-deserved admiration, and have caused so many tears, that we could not but indulge in the hope that a more general expression of kindly sympathy on the part of the community might in some manner make itself visible on so natural and unexceptionable an occasion as the opening of the Bazaar. In this we were disappointed. We will not dwell upon this point any longer now, wishing to refer to it before we close, in another connection. We only allude to it at present as part of the explanation necessary to set our position, its hopes and discouragements alike, in a true light before all who keep cognisance of our yearly effort, either as labourers or friendly well-wishers. In the fact we cannot be mistaken. It is as apparent as the converse proposition that the publication of these works in Great Britain have been attended with an immediate and practical result. The increased value and elegance of almost every box received from that country has been imputed to the interest thus awakened, or the flagging zeal thus freshly stimulated. It is with much feeling and emotion we record the fact, that the names of some, nobly identified with the toils and triumphs of West India Emancipation have, for the first time, forwarded memorials of their interest in our labours, valuable alike for their associations and intrinsic beauty.

It is with surprise as well as satisfaction that we notice the unwearied perseverance with which our foreign contributors labour from year to year. The same voices that long since bade us God speed, yet utter their cheering tones of sympathy and encouragement, and urge us by that example which is higher than precept to a more earnest and entire consecration in our glorious work. From Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, London, Bristol, Leeds, Manchester, Dublin and Cork, were received collections, surpassing, in many cases, as we have said above, those of any previous year. We will endeavour to give a few particulars relative to each, hoping to gratify, though very imperfectly, the natural interest of the donors, and at the same time to furnish hints valuable for another year.

The contributions of our Glasgow friends may have been as beautiful, and perhaps as intrinsically valuable heretofore, but never as saleable. The Shawls, Napkins, Table Covers, and in a special manner the Embroidery, were in great demand. The same may be said of the very elegant Aprons, embroidered Dresses for Ladies, and Papier Maché Trays. The "Favourite" and the "Watering Place" were greatly admired; the latter was sold at a satisfactory price.

To those friends of the slave in Edinburgh, whose sympathies have again responded to his suffering entreaty, we feel increased emotions of gratitude and esteem. We know the discouragement, that surround them, the misconstruction and which with gentle firmness, they stand their ground. While others are saying "Lord, Lord," they are doing His will. Let them not be alarmed if, in stooping to raise the most wretched and abject of their fellow creatures, they shall find that the "one human heart" shall have perchance drawn some Samaritan to the same work of mercy. Such association shall not injure them; it may benefit their fellow-labourer. A great majority of the Edinburgh articles were extremely beautiful and attractive. We would mention in particular a white Cushion with boquets of flowers elegantly embroidered. Shawls exhibiting the varieties of the Clan Tartans and Affghan Blankets. The utility of these last are beginning to be appreciated among us and, they are sold at good prices. We were much gratified by the Basket Work sent from the Blind Asylum. It sold readily, all Basket Work finding favour with the Boston public. But nothing in the whole Edinburgh collection, large and beautiful as it was, touched our hearts so deeply as did "Little Mary's Doll."

Last year, "Mary" visited the exhibition of the articles designed for the Boston Bazaar, at Mrs. Wigham's house, and was deeply interested. At Christmas, she had a present of a wax doll, and directly asked permission to dress and present it to the next Bazaar. This request was granted, and she took much pleasure in making the clothes. Before these were quite finished the lovely and beloved child was called hence. Her Mother, finishing the work and addressing a letter to the Doll's new mistress, has sent it to the Bazaar according to her child's intention. This letter contains so much that is touching and beautiful, that, though, of course, not designed for publication, we shall subjoin it at the close of our report, trusting that its writer will pardon the liberty we take in so doing.

The Doll was purchased by a very devoted friend of the Slave, for Lilian, a daughter of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, formerly Minister of "the Church of the Disciples," in Boston.

May she and all the other little children who shall read this letter live to be always and ever the opponents of Slavery.

Two valuable works of the ancient Spanish Reformers, presented by Mr. B. B. Wiffen, which came inclosed in the Edinburg Box, were not, we regret to say, sold. Spanish literature is, on the whole, less cultivated among us than that of any other modern language. The volumes sent to the Bazaar by the same person, in former years, were presented on behalf of the Anti-Slavery Society to the Boston Athenæum, there being at that time no public Library in Boston. The present volumes will be disposed of according to his request.

The collections from Perth, Leeds and Manchester, were, as usual, alike useful and elegant; they included many articles very important to the success of a Bazaar like ours, where a largr class of customers are desirous of obtaining something pretty and useful, and yet unable or unwilling to spend more than three or four dollars. The Crochet work, Travelling Bags, Etched Doylies, and articles of a similar kind, were very attractive. We would here suggest that when any specimen of Ladies' work, new either in respect to fashion or use, is contributed, it is well to affix a paper explaining the same, and giving the English price, otherwise the value of a fashion or invention is in danger of passing unnoticed. We must not omit to mention that the Manchester Papier Maché was very acceptable and sold well, nor forget the beautiful oil painting from Leeds, of "Uncle Tom and Eva," which we had much pleasure in selling to a good Abolitionist of Worcester County.

Bristol, as was to have been expected, supplied one of our most attractive tables. Among so much that was valuable and elegant, it is difficult to make a selection. We may, however, particularly mention the Honiton Lace, every piece, with the exception of the Infant's Cap, selling within the first three days. The magnificent embroidered Table Cover, which attracted the utmost admiration, was disposed of for $50. The Drawings, Sea Mosses, &c., enriched the Book, and "the Red Maid," and other Bristol toys, helped to adorn one of the prettiest Toy Tables that the Bazaar has ever boasted. As for the success of the Bristol soap, it is always engaged long before it reaches the Hall.

Two separate collections were received from London, one from Mrs. Follen, Miss Cabot, and one or two other friends, and another from Mrs. Massie, wife of Rev. Dr. Massie, of Crampton, Mrs. Reid, the Ladies of Bedford Square College, and many others. Mrs. Follen's experience had of course enabled her to make up just the Box that was needed. We hardly offend against the literal truth in saying that everything sold. The very few articles that remained were such as gain rather than lose by being kept. The London Box, by Mrs. Massie, very valuable and elegant as a whole, contained some specimens of embroidery and Ladies work, superior, we think, to any that has been exhibited in previous years. The Camp Stool presented by the Dowager Lady Buxton, and a Foot Stool by Mrs. Gurney, and several beautiful Ottomans were of this description. Such work, when mounted, as in the present case, is sold much more readily, being wanted at the moment for Christmas and New Year's Gifts. We would also make special mention of the Historical Prints and Portraits of Eminent Men, presented through the London Box, by Mr. Agnew of Manchester, and various Drawings and Pencil Sketches. We are much indebted to Mr. Foley for his Casts of Mrs. Chapman, which sold readily.

From Dublin and Cork came contributions quite equal in beauty to those of previous years, and from the former place greatly increased in quantity. The pretty Irish knitting was in the highest request, and we could have sold much more than we had. The Book Table was indebted to Dublin for some of its greatest attractions in the shape of several Water-Colour Drawings, by Varley, in his best style. Two of these, the "View of Flamborough Head," and one of the smaller Drawings of Varley's, were sold at the price affixed by the judgment of Mr. Petrie, the distinguished antiquarian and landscape painter, who was so kind as to affix his attestation of their authenticity. A Drawing by Munn, and another "Sketch near the Trossachs," Scotland, by Mr. Thomas U. Young, of Dublin, and presented by himself to the Dublin collection, were greatly admired. The same may be said of many other water colour Drawings, the works of amateur artists, and of several oil Paintings of much merit. In particular, "The Fairies' Washerwomen," by Miss Carter, and a Madonna and Child, by Madame Vavin. Of the De La Rue articles which form part of the Dublin donation, we cannot speak too highly. It consisted not merely of every variety of De La Rue's paper and envelopes, but of all that is most seductive in Parchment and Russia leather. In the shape of Travelling, Writing and Dressing Cases, Blotting Books, Memoranda, Card Cases, Porte Monaies, and articles of a similar description, they formed part of the attraction, of by far the most elegant and valuable Book Table that any Bazaar has exhibited.

The Paris collections by Mrs. Chapman, comprising very little of Embroidery or Ladies' work, but consisting chiefly of articles in Bronze, China, Morocco, Rosewood, *en Grés, Terre Cuit, &c.*, furnished the greater portion of the Book Table, and supplied that variety of little objects of taste and art so particularly desirable at that season of the year in which the Bazaar is held. Sandal wood and other Fans exquisitely painted, Drinking Cups and Flacons of Bohemian Glass, Statuettes of Luther and Calvin, Heads of distinguished French Poets and Statesmen, Statuettes of M'lle. Rachel, a very great variety of beautiful Engravings, Portraits, Books, Autographs, Seals, Medals, Casts, Pressed Leaves, Flowers and Sea Mosses, Puzzles, Games, Bog Oak ornaments, and models of the Round Towers of Ireland, as paper weights (these last from our indefatigable Dublin friends); all this sparkling medley was heaped upon the Book Table, in a sort of confused order or orderly confusion, whichever phrase shall appear the least paradoxical, and was of course the Table that never lacked purchasers.

With so much to challenge the attention, it is almost impossible to recollect all of which we should make

mention. But while lingering a moment at the Book Table, we must not forget the exquisite and remarkable imitations of fruit, just from France by Mrs. Putnam, nor omit to thank Madame Pomer for her gem of a little volume of very spirited sketches amid the Pyrenees.

We are much obliged to Mr. J. P. Jewett, for several copies of the elegantly illustrated edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

We are much indebted to the Duchess of Sutherland for the kind interest expressed in the Bazaar by the gift to it, through Mrs. Chapman, of the beautiful engravings of herself and daughters with autographs attached.

We would also express our gratitude to Professor De Morgan and Mr John James Grant Wilkinson, for copies of their valuable works, rendered yet more valuable by the faithful and affectionate testimony against the sin of slaveholding inscribed on the first blank page.

To M. Souvestre, likewise, our acknowledgements are due for six volumes of his interesting Tales, accompanied by an autograph inscription.

We have not yet referred to the most beautiful and striking object of attention that the Bazaar affords. Placed near the centre of the room, on a small white marble table, the first object that caught the eye upon entering was a statuette in bronze, by Cumberworth, "The African Woman at the Fountain." From every visiter it received deserved admiration. For a more particular account of the artist and his works, we refer our readers to an article in the Liberty Bell, entitled "The Sculptor of the Torrid Zone." The statuette was presented to the Bazaar by a number of friends of the slave in Paris. Among the list of contributors, we notice the honored name of M. Arago. The disposition that has been made of the same will, we know, give pleasure to the donours. It was purchased for the sum of $125, by a number of prominent friends of the slave, and others sympathizing with them in their admiration of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and by them presented to Mrs. Stowe. All will agree that it could not have had a more fitting destination.

The Liberty Bell, for 1853, was published as usual on the first morning of the Bazaar, and contains much well suited to do the Cause service. It is enriched with many excellent contributions from French friends of the Cause, and a few from English ones; we regret that the number of the latter is so scanty for this year's volume.

As we glance over the list of our foreign contributors, we see names of many places in Great Britain that we would not willingly omit. In the unavoidable haste and confusion of such an occasion, the names of some may have been overlooked or mislaid. We know that we may trust the kindness of the donours for our excuse. They cannot lose the happiness that a true labour of love affords in itself, and they will remember, that if forgotten here, there is a record elsewhere.

In the large Boxes, to which we have alluded, were contributions from Kinross, Milnathorp, Comrie, Crieff, Blairgourie, and Errol in Scotland; and from Bath, Frenchay, Isle of Wight, Norwich, Cromer, Bolton and Bedfordshire. Some little children in a day school, in Waterford, Ireland, subscribed twenty shillings to the De La Rue articles. We have indeed many memorials of the interest felt in our great Cause, by children of all classes and ranks. Where there has been no systematic attempt to deprave the instincts of childhood, they are usually on the side of justice. To various Charity Schools in Bristol, to a little school in Waterford, and to the Model Central National School in Dublin, we are greatly obliged. The greatest attraction of the Toy Table was a model shop fitted up in the most complete and satisfactory manner. The mistress was behind the counter, the shelves loaded with miniature goods, the royal arms over the door, the chandelier hanging from the top. The Lilliputian merchandise here offered for sale, was produced by the busy and tasteful fingers of the little pupils in the Central Model National School, and, after having been wondered at and admired by numbers of youthful visitors, the whole establishment was sold for a very good price, and has fallen into the hands of an owner that values it highly.

The Toy Table was unusually profitable. The toys sent by Mrs. Follen were exactly what was needed, and were sold almost immediately. No donation can be better suited to our purpose than children's toys, and well chosen children's books.

Our home supplies were about the same as those of last year. A few new towns contributed, but in general our help came from old friends. The principal places represented are Rochester, Canenovia, Albany and Staten Island, in the State of New York. Portsmouth, Amherst, Concord, Hanoock, in New Hampshire. Portland, Maine. Brooklyn, Connecticut. Boston, Worcester, Plymouth, Duxbury, Upton, Manchester, Weymouth, Stoneham, Salem, Lynn, Dedham, Chelsea, Hingham, Concord, in Massachusetts. Our domestic articles are in general of a useful rather than an ornamental description, and for these the demand is very great. It is a department almost entirely unsupplied by our foreign contributors, and we would therefore urge on the friends at home increased exertion. The demand for children's well fitting bibs and aprons, nice knit hosiery of all descriptions, ladies plain collars, caps and handkerchiefs, is very great. We owe it to our Rochester friends, to express great gratitude for their very beautiful and well chosen collection. The Opera Caps, Dressing Gowns, Marie Stuarts, and indeed all the contents of the Box, commanded a ready sale. The same may be said of the Portland articles, and the very handsome Dressing Gowns, sent by our Albany friends. The articles from Canenovia (our first contribution from thence) were very acceptable. From Picton and Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, we have to acknowledge very beautiful specimens of Indian Work and an assortment of children's toys.

We are indebted to Mr. Edmund Jackson for twenty-five Boxes of excellent Soap; and to Messrs. Morey and Ober of Boston, Messrs. Gaind and Johnston of the Phœnix Glass Co., Mr. N. S. Cate, agent of the Bay State Glass Co., and Mr. Benjamin Haynes of Charlestown, for their valuable and ample supply of articles in Glass, Britannia Ware and Block Tin. To those friends who so lavishly supplied the refreshment table, and to Mr. F. A. Sumner, who kindly furnished the requisite china, we are also greatly indebted. The Managers feel it incumbent upon them to return their thanks to Mr. Curtis, the superintendant of Horticultural Hall, for such an amount of attention and kindness as materially lessened the severity of their arduous labours. The last two evenings of the Bazaar were occupied by very interesting addresses on the part of Messrs. Redmond and Phillips.

Having thus reported, though we are aware in a very brief and imperfect manner, some account of the conduct and arrangements of the Bazaar, and expressing as we now do, with very great sincerity, our fervent gratitude for every act of kindness rendered, or every expression of sympathy uttered for our works' sake, we would gladly bring this paper to a close. We feel a sort of incongruity between these trifling and petty details and the great and magnificent end to which they are subsidiary. But we are aware that much is due to the wishes of those devoted friends of the slave in Great Britain to whom so much of our success is owing, and who, for the promotion of their farther efforts in our behalf, are desirous to be made fully aware of the position that we occupy and the sentiments with which we regard certain prominent objects of interest. To many we shall say much that cannot be new, but there may be others just aroused to the importance of the question of American Slavery, to whom our statements may not be wholly devoid of interest and profit.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, for whose benefit the Bazaar exists, is based on one principle alone—a principle so simple and self-evident, so entirely in consonance with humanity and justice, so plainly in accordance with the dictates of reason and common sense, so removed from fanaticism, that it is difficult to suppose that any mind unbiassed by custom or selfishness could think its converse, aught but the climax of absurdity and wickedness. The doctrine is simply this—that this human frame of ours is a sacredly and wonderfully made, informed and tenanted by a spirit created in God's own image, a soul whose great value is set forth to the eyes of Christendom by the inestimable price, as its belief alleges, paid for its redemption, so furnished with powers and affections and hopes and sympathies that attest alike its origin and destiny, is not and cannot be merchandise, property, a thing to be bought and sold. No human laws, no compacts, no conventions, no national arrangements or understandings are competent to perform this transmutation, to change human nature into goods and chattels to make one man the property of another. This doctrine is the one point of attraction that unites the American Anti-Slavery Society, its adoption the one condition of membership. Now, at first sight, this proposition appears so reasonable that one would suppose it required great hardihood to deny it. In fact, when any direct argument is held on this point by people not greatly deficient either in sense or conscience, it very shortly becomes apparent that they do not really understand the subject they are treating. A system that regards man as a serf, a dependant, a vassal, a pupil, an apprentice, may be an imperfect and in some cases a sinful one; but the system with which we are at warfare is one that considers him a marketable commodity, a something whose value is registered in the price current. To denounce it as an insult to God and an outrage against man is, we apprehend, no exaggeration or harshness, but the simplest and gentlest form of expression that truth will allow us to use. Having received this doctrine, the action of the Abolitionists is only its simple and necessary consequence. It is to be carried out, if need be, over the ruins of any State, or any Church, or any governmental arrangement, or any commercial advantages; and we say not this in a rash or irresponsible spirit, but simply as an answer to that weak and sophistical reasoning that argues there can be anything worse than continuance is confessed crime. There is actually at the present time no insurmountable and not to be understood obstacle in the way of the Abolition of American Slavery. A spirit of national repentance is the only thing needed. That twenty millions of people, with immense wealth, immense energy, general education, republican forms of government, and a profession of the Christian religion in its purest and most democratic forms, can find no way in which they can safely emancipate three millions of slaves, is in our eyes an absurd proposition. Here is the difficulty. It cannot be done without a sacrifice of money and political power for which this degraded and guilty nation is wholly unprepared. To the entreaties of the Abolitionists it is thought a sufficient answer that trade will be injured, or the balance of political power impaired. We are not at all prepared to deny that this great work of mercy could be accomplished without much national and personal distress. Nor are we unaware that this must extend to England and every other country whose commercial prosperity rests at all on the blood-stained cotton of this country. We hold it an idle and impolitic waste of strength to turn aside from the main issue to engage in discussion on the Free Labour question *per se*. We respect very highly all conscientious scruples on this point; but to make it the principal subject of interest and argument, is to fritter away our energies and produce a very limited result. Still, it is all-important that our English friends hold themselves prepared to encounter their opponents on this very point—the undoubted fact that any great change or convulsion touching American Slavery must react, and for a time injuriously, on the material prosperity of Great Britain. It is not well that the friends of the slave in that country should devote the main portion of their time and energy to expedients for the supply of free goods, and plans for the culture here and there of free cotton, and petitions for duties on this and that branch of slave labour, petitions where questions of commercial expediency and those of humanity are more or less necessarily mixed up (for we observe that the attack on slave sugar is much more warm and unremitting than that on slave cotton); but let them turn their exertions towards the creation and perpetuation of a national feeling that shall place the success of a great question of mercy and justice far above a mere temporary national prosperity, a feeling that shall joyfully welcome loss and privation if so be that the poor right of personal ownership be restored to that class of their fellow creatures who have been so long robbed of their birthright.

It is a curious and striking illustration of the blinding and bewildering influence of wrong doing that the people of the United States and their pro-slavery abettors in Great Britain, with exceptional occasions in the latter, to which we will allude by and bye, seem to assume the ground that if the Anti-Slavery people will but be quiet, American Slavery can proceed for any length of time and over any extent of territory, conquering and to conquer, with none but the most delightful and happy results.

Mr Garrison, while travelling the past summer, met, at Niagara Falls, a slaveholder from Florida, an intelligent and gentlemanlike man, who had had large opportunity, from official sources, to obtain perfect acquaintance with the game of American politics as played by its Southern winners, and who was anxious to exchange ideas with him on the great national question of Slavery, a subject, for differing reasons, very interesting to both. The slaveholder explained to his own complete satisfaction the entire hopelessness of the work to which the Northern Abolitionists had addressed themselves. He conclusively showed how successful thus far the Southern Slavery-extension doctrine had been, how it was yet to be acted out in the cases of Mexico and Cuba, how the carrying trade and new markets for the manufactures were quite sufficient to bribe whatever spirit of opposition might yet remain in the North, what were the considerations that should secure the connivance of England, and finished by triumphantly exclaiming, "You are all bought up in advance." "True!" said Mr. Garrison, "but there is one circumstance you have not taken into account; you forget there is a God." The gentleman paused for a moment and then said, good humouredly, for he had not been defending the morality of Slavery or any of its sequences, "that that was certainly very true, but that so few people now-a-days seemed to take cognisance of the same, it was no wonder he had omitted it."

This little anecdote embodies and suggest ideas that it becomes all parties well to consider. There can be no doubt, humanly speaking, of the immense odds against which the Abolitionists are fighting. The cold, harsh, indomitable Anglo-Saxon nature, excited and stimulated by every temptation that ambition and love of gain may present, sizing enough to bribe or bully all foreign opposition, does indeed present a most formidable obstacle in the way of moral truth; were it not that this very nature, once made alive to her claims, shall produce the highest examples of heroism of which our race is susceptible. That there is a God over-ruling and ordering all, after the counsel of His own will, "making even the wrath of man to praise Him," is evident, not only from the fact that, in every age of the world, He sends forth martyrs and confessors to witness against its most dominant sins, and prophets to prophecy what the end shall be, but that such sins draw after them their inevitable results, and such prophecy be it ever so sad or bitter, is ultimately fulfilled to the letter. No danger incurred by the abolition of American Slavery can for a moment compare with that which pertains to its continuance. And here we wish to refer, for one moment, to the manner in which certain pro-slavery journalists and writers in Great Britain treat this subject. Really pro-slavery at heart, the general tone of remark is entirely in unison with that of the popular American press. They owe it to the dominant, actively partied public sentiment in which they live to occasionally utter some very formal and lifeless expression of regret for the existence of the system, but it is so coupled with some much more heartfelt apology and a very thorough condemnation of Abolitionists and Abolitionism, by which their animating spirit is made clearly visible. But if anything really praiseworthy in our institutions brought forward, such as the general equality of the white race, the universal diffusion of education, the entire freedom of conscience in matters of religion, the very crime which these occasion served, would be insisted upon as a set-off to Doctrine, at all, is eagerly brought forward as a proof of the hollowness of institutions and usages actually good. We are willing Christ should be preached even out of strife and contention, but were it not so painful in some of its aspects the view would in others be amusing of the eagerness with which a Pro-Slavery Democracy strikes hands for support with Abolitionism and foes of free principles the world over. Saving, however, what may be done to their own abuses, or to the prospect of a war between the two countries, these writers are true to their own real instincts, and, as we have said above, join the immense mass of this nation in professing to believe, perhaps in really doing so, for, as we have said, there is no delusion like that which sin creates, that were it not for the wild, impracticable, fanatical, absurd Abolitionists, then would the peace of a nation holding three millions of slaves be as a river. *It cannot be.* Were the Abolitionists silenced to-morrow, the fact of God's existence, and those thousand providential arrangements flowing therefrom, which proclaim, trumpet-tongued, "there is no peace to the wicked," would forbid to so monstrous and overshadowing a wickedness that peace which is its essential safeguard.

In considerations like these, and not in any signs of the times witnessed on our own soul, we find our chief hope of success. As one particular and specific ground of encouragement abroad, we would thankfully refer to the general and increased interest manifested by all classes in Great Britain. In the reception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we witness occasion for joy and gratitude. Though its success in this country, in a literary point of view, has been almost unprecedented, we dare not hope for a large and efficient body of fresh laborers as its necessary result. To become, in this country, an earnest, devoted, life-long Abolitionist, implies much, as, in most cases, it must be attended, in some shape or the other, with positive worldly and tangible loss. The charge so often brought by pro-slavery newspapers, that the Abolitionists are calling on men to lift burdens that they will not touch with one of their fingers, is as untrue as it is absurd. To become sincere and uncompromising friend of the slave, is to make the sacrifice, as may be, of money, ambition, political preferment, family ties, early friendships, religious reputation—in a word, Success, as the world counts it. The truth of this may be made apparent by a statement that no one will controvert. Could any professional person visiting this country receive any measure of popular success if known as the opponent of our slave system? Could Mlle. Jenny Lind, with all her musical ability, have made money enough to have rendered it worth her while to come here had it been supposed that a dollar of the vast sum she expended in charity could have found its way into any Anti-Slavery channel? Steamships and Telegraphs have so brought America and Great Britain into close proximity that their mutual influence, for good or evil, must be immense. English notions of freedom must prevail here, or the mother country must finally make herself part and parcel of our oppressors. Her literature, her tone of morality, her standard of piety, mightily, as yet, sways public opinion here. In the great and decisive battle between Slavery and Freedom that is drawing slowly on, and that no combination of circumstances can long delay, it is all-important that *her* public opinion be firm, unequivocal and resolute.

The movement recently made on the part of the Ladies of Great Britain, proposing an affectionate and Christian remonstrance on this subject with their American sisters, we hail with strong and grateful emotion. In the midst of the misrepresentation, sophistry and personal abuse with which this demonstration has been received by the press of our country, we would desire to express our earnest thankfulness in view of such a step, and our fervent hope that the remonstrance may receive the signature of every lady throughout the kingdom. No true effort on behalf of humanity can ever be thrown away, but now is emphatically the hour when its influence may be made more important than ever before. The question of Slavery is fairly before the world. We ask for none but a moral and religious interference on behalf of the other nations of the earth, but that we unhesitatingly claim and assert in virtue of a common humanity, it is one that they should not deny.

In some private letters received from our English friends, it is suggested that the old outcry of Infidelity is still urged against the American Anti-Slavery Society, and prevents our receiving a certain amount of aid or sympathy that might otherwise be rendered. But we have nothing to add to the statement contained in our last year Bazaar report. The platform on which the Society meets is exceeding broad. Men of all creeds and no creed can stand thereon, Christian, Jew or Pagan, Catholic or Protestant. A heartfelt opposition to the institution of Slavery gives him a claim there, and of course his language and mode of action when there must be somewhat in accordance with his habits of life and belief. For these his fellow-labourers are not responsible. True courtesy and good sense should teach men alike to be cautious how they unnecessarily wound the religious sensibilities of others, and to be tolerant of any infliction that others are conscientiously led to make. If evangelical sects, so called, either here or in Great Britain, shall feel themselves aggrieved that people who, in their eyes, are infidel have taken so prominent a ground in this matter, it only remains to us to urge upon all such the duty of crowding into the Anti-Slavery ranks, and, by self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion, securing that influence and authority that these qualities never fail to obtain. We can only say here that the receipts of this yearly Bazaar are devoted to the support of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the maintenance of the central operations, Anti-Slavery Office, Agency, &c., in the City of New York.

The *Standard* is edited by Mr. Sydney H. Gay and Mr. Edmund Quincy, and is distinguished alike for its Anti-Slavery fidelity and great literary ability. We do not believe that any organ of a similar society could for so many years, have pursued a more unexceptionable course in regard to the obtrusion of any sectarian peculiarity. We commend this paper to all the friends of the slave, both at home and abroad, believing it eminently suited to hasten onward the hour of the slave's redemption. For any other periodicals not sustained by the Society's funds, nor in the slightest degree subject to its control, we assume no responsibility. It may be eminent in the slave's service choose to devote any portion of their time or influence to the considerations of theological opinions or what they may esteem to be history riches on other questions. It is a matter with which, as Abolitionists, we do not concern ourselves. To every periodical soliciting genuine Anti-Slavery truth, we wish a cordial God speed, the more fervent in proportion to the depth of its interest in this great behalf. How far we shall concern ourselves in its other departments, is for individual taste and conscience to decide, and is a matter entirely irrelevant to the Anti-Slavery Cause. We would, however, assure all friends who are axious on this account, that a patient continuance in labour and testimony on their own part is the best method with which to meet this species of warfare, be it the result of hypocritical pretence, or narrow sectarism, or even of conscientious care for the truth. Thus have we found it among ourselves. As the real conflict in behalf of Human Rights waxes hotter and hotter, men fighting on the same side will no more stop to compare theological differences than would men actually engaged on a battle field stand waiting the attack of the enemy.

Before finishing this paper, we have a few further words of explanation due to those ladies engaged in actually working and collecting for the Bazaar. We are particularly anxious that no shadow of misapprehension should exist in the minds of any relative to the disposal of the Bazaar goods. They are neither designed for the purchase of slaves or their relief or festivals. They are to be made effective, through the means of the public press and the living voice, in so far as their influence may be extended, in arousing this great and vital nation, through all its borders, to a sense of its guilt and danger, in denouncing and abolishing connection, the entire freedom of conscience in matters means that spasmodic exposure, arousing that universal agitation which is the slave's best hope. On the Fugitive Slave Law every Abolitionist looks with scorn and abhorrence. Obedience to its requisitions may would consider a crime of the deepest dye. To facilitate the escape of the trembling and hunted fugitive is alike their duty and pleasure. No complaint will be brought by such against the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society who, in their private capacity or as members of Vigilance Committees, have done and dared to the extent of their ability. But the object of the Society is for higher and wider in its aims and purposes.

Again, in respect to the purchase of slaves. It is painful to us to bear a testimony against any action founded on so benevolent and merciful a motive, but in view of the discussion aroused in Great Britain on this question, we feel compelled to express a regret that Abolitionists and especially any Anti-Slavery Society should devote labour and funds to so profitless and hopeless a task. Every fugitive that escapes, diminishes the value of what is impiously and impudently styled slave property, but every slave bought increases it. Already one heart is agrieved and our indignation excited by the arrival in our midst of some poor victim of oppression who, having by long hours of toil purchased his own freedom, is striving to collect from the outraged sympathies of the North a sum immense, even in the slave market, for the purchase of his wife and children left behind. The more touching the story, the more safely may the trader speculate in the emotions of the humane and merciful. The *argumentum ad hominem* is not, in this case, a fair one. People ask, what would you do were the victim your own wife, sister or child? Would you not eagerly collect their ransom? Would you not feel anxious for people to contribute? The answer is undoubtedly in the affirmative. The query might as well be, would you not conduct your wife, sister, child, from a bondage which Edward Everett once stigmatized as a fate "bitter as death, save Hell?" if, in the language of Scott's Meg Merrilies, "every step was on a dead man?" But because human affections, subjected to their most agonising ordeal, are ready to grasp at any and every means of deliverance, it does not follow that what may secure the well-being of one family, is best suited to secure the general good. Abolition of Slavery has, in some cases, been brought about by a general purchase of slaves, in others by an insurrection among its victims; to neither of these methods would the Anti-Slavery Society lend its sanction.

The greater portion of this report has been written in reference to our transatlantic friends. Much of it might appear superfluous to our friends at home who have fuller sources of information than any we can bestow. But to those widely separated from us, and necessarily but imperfectly informed on many points, what we have said may not be wholly uninteresting.

In this connection we cannot avoid expressing the satisfaction with which the slaves' friends here have witnessed the establishment of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, a paper that presents the most important details of this enterprise in a condensed and, at the same time, lucid manner. To that we can refer our fellow-labourers abroad for any farther information on questions of Anti-Slavery policy which they may be desirous to obtain.

In closing, we would urge on all united with us in labour and aspiration, to possess their souls in patience, looking at the work before them rather in the light of their own personal duty than in that of ultimate success. We may never witness the freedom of the American slave; we may look back on what shall seem to the worldly and cold-hearted a wasted and misemployed life. But if the words Freedom, Truth, Heroism mean anything, if they are realities and not mere shams and pretences, then have we judged wisely even for our own benefit and happiness in devoting it to the noblest and holiest enterprise of the age in which we live.

If we shall succeed—well! and if not,

"They that stand
When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,
Linked but to perish with a ruined land
Where Freedom dies with them—call *these* a martyr band!"

A. W. WESTON.

BOSTON, Jan. 21, 1853.

Money received by Anne Warren Weston for The Bazaar of 1852.

Mr. John C. Haynes, Boston,	$5 00
Mrs. Richard Clap, Dorchester,	5 00
Mr. Elisha Clap, Gill,	2 00
Mrs. Ann M. Fiske, Upton,	50
Miss Bradford, Duxbury,	1 00
Miss S. J. Davee, Plymouth,	5 00
Anti-Slavery Friends in Lynn,	40 00
Lawrence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society,	5 81
Mrs. Babcock, Boston,	8 00
Mr. Thomas Brown, Boston,	2 00
Friends in Leeds, England.	£1 5 0

Money received by Mrs. Chapman, Paris, for the same object.

	Francs.
Miss H. Bonham Carter,	15 00
Mrs. Bellamy Hunt,	80 00
Mr. Charles F. Hovey,	250 00
Mlle. Lecomte,	15 00
Mr. Jeremiah Winslow,	100 00
Madame Mohl,	25 00
Contribution to Statuette,	135 00

Donations to Anne Warren Weston for publication of The Liberty Bell.

Daniel Richetson,	$5 00
Mrs. David Joy,	10 00
Mrs. G. R. Russell	10 00
Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring,	10 00
B. B. Mussey,	5 00
Nathaniel Barney,	10 00
Miss Henrietta Sargent	10 00
Mrs. Wendell Phillips	15 00
Mrs. Clarissa G. Olds,	2 00
Miss Mary G. Chapman,	5 00
Samuel May, Jr.,	5 00
Miss E. A. Ostenzaar,	3 40
Charles F. Hovey,	25 00
Misses Ladrews,	6 00

Merchandise received for the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

7 Boxes from Glasgow, by Andrew Paton.
1 Box from Perth, by Mrs. David Morton.
2 Boxes from Edinburg, by Mrs. Wigham.
2 Boxes from London, by Mrs. Massie and Mrs. Follen.
1 Box from Bristol, by Mrs. H. Thomas.
1 Box from Leeds, by Joseph Lupton.
1 Box from Manchester, by Miss Whitelegge.
3 Boxes from Dublin, by R. D. Webb.
1 Box from Cork, by Miss Jennings.

Parcels or letters received in the Bazaar Boxes and forwarded.

From Edinburgh, for H. C. Wright, Frederick Douglass, W. L. Garrison, J. B. Syme, Rochester and Philadelphia.
From Glasgow, for W. L. Garrison and H. C. Wright.
From Leeds, for Frederick Douglass, W. L. Garrison, H. B. Stowe and Lucretia Mott.
From Dublin, for Abby Kimber and Mrs. McKim.
From London, by Mrs. Massie's Box, for Rev. Mr. Kirk, together with a large number of books from W. W. Brown and Rev. Dr. Mason, which have been forwarded as addressed.

Subscribers to purchase Cumberworth's Negro Woman at the Fountain, for the National A. S. Bazaar, Boston.

	Francs.
Madame Bernier	10 00
Mrs. Byron,	5 00
Mrs. Power,	5 00
Madame Mohl,	5 00
Mrs. Hurd,	5 00
Mlle. Lecomte,	20 00
Madame Tourgueneff,	5 00
Madame Meynadu,	10 00
M. Martin Paschoud,	5 00
Mlle. Rosset,	5 00
Madame Laugier,	5 00
M. François Arago,	5 00
M. De Lomenie,	4 00
Eugene Bonda,	5 00
M. Meynier,	20 00
M. Tourgueneff,	20 00
M. Des Forges,	5 00
Mrs. Herant,	5 00
Madame Pelby,	5 00
Mrs. De Witt Clinton,	5 00
Mrs. Corcoran,	5 00

The following is the letter referred to in the Bazaar Report:

Rochester, Oct. 30th, 1852.

Dear Carrie, I am sorry to tell you the little girl who made the baby clothes for, and gave the doll your kind friends have purchased for you. There is not much to tell. Last Christmas she was a blooming, robust child, rejoicing and giving thanks for the birth of the *Babe of Bethlehem*, who came to earth to teach us to love each other; and who now in Heaven, visits all who fulfil His blessed will. And she rejoiced very much then, too, in the new possession of your *dolly*, and in the permission given to dress and dedicate it to the "Friends of the Slave," whom she knew to be the friends of that Saviour, born at Bethlehem, because He said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." And "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." Before the early Spring flowers came, her busy little hands were mouldering in the grave. Our Lord warns us, "The night cometh, when no man can work." Short, very short, was the time allotted to little Mary to work. Her sun went down before she was eight years old. It would appear foolish and vain for me to tell you how much such a young child had voluntarily done for the misery she saw around her." All most one day he known, my dear child, for the "Spirit" tells us our "*works*" will "*follow*" us, and then, whether good or evil, be bound upon our hearts forever, and ever. Yet Little Mary was no wonder of a child. God had given her no gifts beyond her fellows. Unlike many little children you may have read about, she could neither understand sermons nor discourses addressed to mature minds, and therefore had no delight in them. Nor could she point out errors in belief, nor distinguish between differences of opinion. She could read, and clearly understand the Saviour's plain precepts, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." She was, in fact, only a meek, little child, strong in the spirit of Love, and by its might alone went through this world beloved by all around her, from the aged and the miserable, down to the romping schoolboy and lisping baby, and at last entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death without fear. It is written, "Out of the mouths of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the Enemy and the Avenger." Thus, when your honourable countryman, Dr. Pennington, was in our land, and the Fugitive Slave Bill passed in yours, dear child, it was explained to Mary that he must be paid for before he could return to his home in safety. This, at first, she could scarcely believe, and had much difficulty to comprehend. At length she understood his position, and directly enquired, "Have those people ever heard of the good Jesus?" On being told they had "by the hearing of the ear," she said sadly, "Then Satan must be in their hearts." On reading of Dr. P.'s escape from Slavery—how, when shivering with cold, hunger and weariness, one said to him, "come in, eat thy breakfast, and get warm," her face flushed with joy, and she cried aloud, "Oh, how the good Jesus will love those people." I often wonder how she would have felt had she lived to read the beautiful tale of your own land, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I must now come to the closing scene. She was now laid upon her bed, and the round limbs and rosy cheeks were melting fast, fast away. One of her kind medical friends told her she must leave Papa and Mama—she must die. Little Mary felt no fear. "Perfect love casteth out fear." The weak child looked upon death in the same light with the strong mind and noble heart of your own country, whose grand strain calls that

"Transition
Whose portals we call death."

Meek little Mary seemed hardly to feel sorrow; she only once whispered "Poor mamma! I'll pray for you," and continued calm, gentle, and patient, with an anxious love and care for all around, the same as when in health and strength. It was dark wintry days, and the closed shutters of the sick room made the hours be forgotten. Mary was always afraid that omissions of care for others would occur on her account. Sleepless and suffering much, she would yet watch for the morning, and say to one whom she loved much, and who had been of the household years before her birth, "Dear *Nursey*, take care that the poor cinder-gatherer you are keeping the crusts for has not to wait for them this cold dark morning," or "Go down and see, dear Nursey, that they are giving poor Mrs. A. (the washerwoman) her breakfast comfortably; she needs it much, with such hard work. I shall be sure not to need anything till you come back again." Even a little bird, blind and lame with age, that hung in the nursery, was not forgotten. "Poor lonely thing," she said, "how dull he will feel now. You'll take care of him, mamma, and in the bright Summer days, when you go to the country again, take him in the coach with you; I'll be far away then." A short period before her departure, she was relieved from suffering, and seemed on the eve of that sleep so anxiously prayed for. Sweet, gentle Mary was full of love and gratitude to our kind Father in Heaven and the good Jesus for his mercy, but, while holding her mother's hand in a sort of half slumber, she roused herself and asked "What o'clock is it?" She was told, and then she quickly inquired, "What o'clock is it now in the slave States?" Her mother was unable to answer at once. She said, "do try, mamma, if it is in their night time. I think it is." It was, and on hearing it, she murmured words of gladness and thankfulness, "No weariness, no sorrow there, just now," and then nestled round on her pillow for sleep again. In a few moments more, starting suddenly, she cried "But, mamma! the poor Kaffir villages may not be in peace and safety—the mammas with little children there may have sore frightened hearts." Her mother told her she was forgetting herself the comfort she need to give to others—that God's angels were watching everywhere, ready to help and comfort. She replied, with a sad, weary smile, "Oh, aye, I was almost forgetting that," and then turning round, composed herself for sleep once more. Her hold of her mother's hand relaxed for a few moments; then grasping it firmly, she said solemnly, but lovingly as ever, "There's Jesus, and Peter, and James, and John, and all the holy angels—they are singing in Heaven, only we don't hear them." She listened eagerly (music was one talent she possessed and enjoyed much); "No! we don't hear them." Turning to her mother, with perplexity of look, she asked with some confusion, "are we far from this house now, mamma?" Her mother answered, "no, darling, we are altogether yet." She then cried hastily, "Get Papa." He came forward, being in the room watching for hours. She kissed him and said, with great energy, "Good Papa!" Nursey, before mentioned, was also in the room, and came forward too. She held out her arms to her, and asked for her little sister. On being told she was sleeping in her little bed, and it was not advisable to bring her, she said meekly, "Very well—dear woe K., dear woe K." Seeing her looking faint, a cordial was raised to her lips—it was vain. We laid her back gently—that was needless. Meek, loving Mary stood before the Throne, and all that remained with us was a "clod of the Valley."

And "Summer days," with leaves and flowers, came. And the little bird (hitherto always left behind) was taken to the country in the coach, as promised, and made glad all the season with the songs of the happy free birds around him. And every object of her solicitude is cared for with a ten-fold care by all the household she left, and no object that she would have pleaded for ever pleads to them in vain. And her mother has taken the little baby doll out of her drawer, and the baby clothes she made out of her work box where she left them all in careful order, some part of the work still unfinished, and given them as she desired. Thus, you see the taper of love that a little child lighted, and carried a very short time amongst us, now burns over her grave with a strong, bright flame, shewing even across the wide ocean upon you, dear child. We are strangers to each other and will be so until we reach our "Father's house;" but we have prayed that you may long be spared to your parents, and enjoy more happiness than earthly good alone can give. And we will indulge the hope that you will, when old and gray-haired, tell the story of your Christmas doll to little children; and then, like the "beloved disciple," St. John, when stricken in years, begin and end with the divine precept, "Little children, love one another." Farewell.

TEMPERANCE.—The advocates of Temperance came together in Convention, last week, at Albany, and held meetings for several days. Some of the most distinguished speakers in the cause, in this and other States, addressed large audiences, and measures were taken for an active agitation in behalf of the enactment of the Main Law. At a Mass Meeting on Friday, the President of the State Society announced that a bill, very stringent in its provisions, and so framed as to avoid the objections raised by Judge Curtis in his decision in Rhode Island, was already drawn up, and would be presented in a day or two.

A Woman's Mass Meeting was also held during one of the days of the Convention, and a Committee from them waited upon the Assembly with a petition to that body. They were respectfully received and listened to, without objection from any body excepting one member from this city, who signalized his opposition in a manner quite worthy of the cause of rum-drinking. The proceedings in the Assembly are thus reported:

Mr. Burroughs said that certain ladies in attendance, asked permission to present in person the memorial of 28,000 ladies, for the Maine Law, and give reasons for a compliance with their petition.

Mr. Hastings hoped not.

Mr. Burroughs moved to suspend the rules. Carried.

Mr. Burroughs then moved that leave be granted to the ladies to present the petitions in person.

Mr. O'Keefe said, the permission appears to me to demand some conclusion; and I would suggest, that we appeals on the imposition as gracefully and as elegantly as possible. Sir, as this is a most extraordinary application, so let it meet with a most extraordinary reception. When ladies are solicitous of leaving the holy sphere in which Nature and Nature's God has consecrated them, and which they are desirous of emulating the ministering spirit, in the race for fame and glory, by indulging in the world's strife, statesmen and generals, they should be gently taken by the hand and encouraged in their manly and it may be unfeminine aspirations. Let these high-minded, high-strung and spirited women discard as worthless the antique dress of the Elizabethian age, and glory in the more modern habiliments of jackets and pants—let them walk down the middle aisle of the chamber, and with a masculine stride, which so admirably becomes such feminine delicacy, as theirs, present their petitions; and while, sir, I am their advocate on this preliminary subject, like my friend from Kings, I desire it to be distinctly understood that I shall reserve my opinion upon the main subject, till the proper time arrives.

Mr Burroughs had nothing to say in reply to the gentleman from New York.

The motion was then carried.

The ladies were then received at the bar of the House, and Mrs. McKnight, their Chairman, read the following address:

Mr. Speaker, and Legislators of the State of New York:

We come to you in behalf of 28,000 women—wives mothers and sisters—of this great commonwealth, to petition your honourable body for protection. We ask protection that our hearthstones may not be desolated; that the little ones around our firesides may not be written more than fatherless; we ask protection that our sons may be saved from the drunkards shame and the drunkards doom; we ask protection that our husbands may be saved from the destroying power of the spirit that dwells in the intoxicating cup; we ask protection, less all that is sacred to the homes of the Empire State may not be considered of less moment than the $2,685,000 invested in the liquor traffic in this State; we ask you to pass a law entirely prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and we most respectfully, but earnestly, solicit the early attention of your honourable body to our petition.

At the close of the address, the petitions were sent up to the Clerk's table.

☞ The Bazaar Report fills so large a space in the *Standard* of this week, that we are compelled to omit the usual variety of editorial matter; we make this explanation simply as such, however, and not as an apology, for we are confident that our readers will agree with us that our columns could not be better occupied than with this Report.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. J. R. Giddings and to Hon. C. Durkee, M. C., for public documents.

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Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects; it is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. *Blackwood*, still under the fatherly care of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the

Miscellaneous Department.

FASHION.

A PORTRAIT of my grandmother hangs upon my parlour wall. It was taken at least sixty-five years since, and represents the venerable lady, whom I remember in my childhood, in spectacles and comely cap, as a young and blooming girl. She is sitting upon an old-fashioned sofa, by the side of a prim aunt of hers, and with her back to the window. Her costume is quaint but handsome. It consists of a cream-coloured dress made high in the throat, ruffled around the neck, and over the bosom and the shoulders. The waist is just under her shoulders, and the sleeves are tight, tighter than any of our coat sleeves, and also ruffled at the wrist. Around the plump and rosy neck which I remember as shrivelled and sallow, and hidden under a decent lace handkerchief, hangs, in the picture, a necklace of large ebony beads. There are two curls upon the forehead, and the rest of the hair flows away in ringlets down her neck. The hands hold an open book: the eyes look up from it with tranquil sweetness, and through the open window behind you see a quiet landscape—a hill, a tree, the glimpse of a river, and a few peaceful summer clouds. Often in my younger days, when my grandmother sat by the fire after dinner lost in thought—perhaps remembering the time when the picture was a portrait—I have curiously compared her wasted face with the blooming beauty of the girl, and tried to detect the likeness. It was strange how the resemblance would sometimes appear: how, as I gazed and gazed upon her old face, age disappeared before my eager glance, as snow melts in the sunshine, revealing the flowers of a forgotten spring.

It was saddest of all to see my grandmother herself contemplating the portrait. The story is told of old Wycherly, the wit and dramatist, that when his brief day of popular homage was over, he called, in his decay for the full-wigged portrait taken when he was the fashion, and wrote under it "*quantum mutatus ab illo!*" Alas! how changed from that! The feeling in the superannuated man about town seems hardly genuine, and like everything those men did, has a slight theatrical air. But it was touching to see my grandmother steal quietly up to her portrait, on still summer mornings when every one had left the house, and I, the only child, played, disregarded, and look at it wistfully and long. She held her hand over her eyes to shade them from the light that streamed in at the window, and I have seen her stand at least a quarter of an hour gazing steadfastly at the picture. She said nothing, she made no motion, she shed no tear, but when she turned away there was always a pensive sweetness in her face that made it not less lovely than the face of her youth. I have learned since what her thoughts must have been—how that long, wistful glance annihilated time and space, how forms and faces unknown to any other, rose in sudden resurrection around her—how she loved—suffered—struggled and conquered again: how many a jest that I shall never hear—how many a game that I shall never play—how many a song that I shall never sing, were all renewed and remembered as my grandmother contemplated her picture.

My own thoughts were of a very different character. I, too, used to study that portrait, but my aim was to discover why it made my old friend look unlike any young person that I had ever seen. Had it been the likeness of Helen or of Aspasia, I said to myself, when I began to study Greek, it would not be surprising that it did not resemble my cousin Maude, but why Maude's grandmother less than seventy years ago should look like no girl I ever saw, was a great mystery to me. It was none the less so when Smith took me to his father's house to see the "family portraits." Among these there were some of the same strange young women, and I racked my fancy again, to discover why they were so different from our young women. Smith suddenly explained the whole mystery.

"What an odd, old-fashioned style of dress," said Smith.

It was a very obvious remark and so was the fact of gravitation very obvious before the apple hit Newton on the nose. I looked at my grandmother's picture with new eyes, and saw why a human being, of the female species, sixty years ago, was so entirely different from the same creature now. Fashion was the Magician. Fashion was the great commander who said "wear ruffles," and they were worn; "elevate the waist," and it was elevated; "powder the hair," and it was powdered. For a few days after Smith's remark it really seemed as if fashion were the secret of history. Had Marshal Turenne marched to victory in the uniform of the "Light-Guard," or that of "Duryee's Regiment," I tremble to think how much prestige he would necessarily lose. The horse-hair wig and the polished armour began to seem too large a part of Marshal Turenne; and as I pondered on the portraits of the beautiful ladies of the court, they seemed to me only paint, patch, and scratch. Then those Elizabethan towers upon the head! How gladly my fancy fled from them and rested contentedly in the close, comely, Grisette-ish little cap of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Who makes the fashion then, since so much depends upon it? That is a question which I cannot get answered. My philosophical friends have their theories about it. Flamingo, in his lofty way, says that every fashion has a profound significance, and that if you could really see the reasons of things as you walk down Broadway, you would enjoy in a sedate and instructive manner the glittering varieties of costume—in fact, he says, you would distil a drop of the honey of wisdom from every flower of folly that blooms in that gay parterre.

"Exactly" I say to Flamingo, "but you miss the point. Here comes my cousin Maude in her new suit of furs. She follows the fashion which, this winter, prescribes small muffs. You see she can scarcely squeeze these darling hands into that bit of a muff, which is no larger than a good-sized cuff. Now what, pray, is the 'profound significance' of that absurdity of my cousin Maude's?"

"Well," says Flamingo, "I suppose the significance of carrying a muff in winter is to keep the hands warm. The size is a matter of convenience."

"Not at all; it is a matter of whim, or of fashion which only concerns the form, and has nothing to do with the essence. Last winter Maude carried a muff as large as a bearskin, and next winter she will wear thread-gloves, if it is the fashion."

And it is the truth. Flamingo can never get any nearer to his profound reason in fashion than this, that people imitate the dress of one whom they acknowledge as a leader, just as boys imitate the handwriting, and collegians the rhetorical style of certain persons whom they admire. Fashion is a kind of hero-worship, he says. "Poetical young men turn down their collars and drink gin and water because Childe Harold did it." Fashion is imitation founded in genuine reverence. Your tailor pads and puffs and squeezes, says philosophical Flamingo. Why does he do it? To make your figure somewhat resemble what is called the ideal figure of the Apollo, or some other type of the manly form. The individual tailor knows nothing of this principle, but, nevertheless, that is the reason of the pigeon-breasted waistcoats and the stuffed coats which he makes. Fine tailoring co-operates with fine arts, says Flamingo. It tries to make a man as handsome as a statue.

But this, I confess, seems to me seeing much more in a picture than the painter meant. I will not deny that it is often truly so, and that there is beauty in a work, according as it is seen, and even more and a different beauty than was intended. Yet I still recur to the inquiry, who makes the fashion? because I cannot believe that there is any very profound reason for my trowsers being cut straight this winter, when they lapped a little over the foot a year ago. Nor do I fancy there is any especial mystery in the fact that the skirts of my street-coat must now hang to the calves of my legs, when last year they scarcely fell below my waist. What would induce my cousin Maude to receive visitors this morning in the costume of my grandmother's portrait? Yet it is much more simple and picturesque than anything Maude will wear. The only reason she can give is, that it is "out of fashion." Who put it out? And who, from time to time, continue to put "out of fashion" what is graceful and picturesque, and to put "in fashion" very graceless and clumsy contrivances? The other day my aunt Jane entertained the little folk who came to take tea with Clara by coming down in her bridal hat.

There was one burst of laughter from young and old. "You may laugh," said aunt Jane, smiling, "but when I went to church, after my marriage, in that hat, I assure it was the envy and despair of the whole town; and, by next Sunday, the church was full of all kinds of imitations of it." When the little people came to take leave of aunt Jane, she said to them, "keep the bonnets you are wearing to-night for twenty years, and then you will laugh as heartily at them as you do at my bridal hat to-night." Should we not? Here is Claude Fay in the very pinnacle of this winter's fashion. Let him walk down Broadway twenty, or ten years hence in this suit, which to-day all we young men envy and admire so much, if he dare!

Not many years ago our mothers all wore leg-of-mutton-sleeves—stiff, starched, clumsy wings, opposed to every feeling of propriety and sense of beauty. Then come the sleeves puffed about the shoulder and upper part of the arm. Aunt Jane, I remember, used to wear under-sleeves, or circular cushions, stuffed with down, or feathers, or something else, to make the puff of the outer-sleeve sufficiently prominent; they used to sit in these deformed dresses, and laugh by the hour over Queen Anne's hoops and heels, and the Chinese coiffeurs of Louis XIV's ladies. And to-day at dinner as cousin Maude held her plate for a cut of roast turkey, and dipped her falling-lace under-sleeve into a dish of gravy, and then draggled it over the table-cloth, she was shouting with laughter at the idea of my mother in those other sleeves. Maude hates the Bloomer, because they are contemporary, but merely derides the high heels and short skirts of early days. This she did vehemently one day last week, as I escorted her up the Fifth Avenue, and, at the same moment, her skirts were sweeping the mud and offal of the street, to the great saving of the scavenger's salary, but unhappily, to the great disgust of every decent person. "My dear coz," Maude says to me, "one must be in the fashion." "But who makes it?" inquired I, desperately. "Don't be a fool, John," she replies, and from this pious devotee, I can get no other account of the goddess.

After such little passages with her, I stroll slowly homeward to my batchelor segar, and wonder why Maude will be so subservient to Fashion. But often enough I turn upon myself, and demand if I am not equally so, if we are not all more orthodox in that faith in any other. I say to myself, Would you now wear Farmer Bullock's bell-crowned beaver down Broadway? Would you go to Mrs. Bounce's ball to-night, in the coat your father was married in? You remember it, with the long swallow tail, and the lappets upon the waist; or would you even wear the waistcoat you wore to her first ball, seven years ago? Being a young man I naturally say, no. Or if Claude Fay, who is a lover of my cousin Maude's, wished to secure her favour, would he be likely to array himself in a "green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk," or a "Queen's blue dress suit," or "a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin," or even a "pair of silk stocking-breeches, and another pair of a bloom-colour"? Yet Oliver Goldsmith donned all this gear to win the smiles of the Jessamy Bride. And, cousin Maude! the Jessamy Bride found it "impossible not to love and respect his goodness of heart." She thought less of the ratteen coat, than the true human heart it covered, and when he, who, in his credulous and childlike way, had loved and honoured her, lay dead in his solitary room, the Jessamy Bride carried from his coffin a lock of the poet's hair.

Now, why would not Claude Fay wear what Oliver Goldsmith wore? Simply and only, because it is not the fashion. And why shouldn't it be the fashion to wear bloom-coloured breeches now? Is it, after all, more than a whim? Has fashion any deeper foundation than the love of change? I find myself in October giving away all the cravats I bought in June. They are quite as handsome as then, and would be equally available for the next season. But I have done with them, I am tired of them. My younger brother, Hal, may wear them, but I would rather go through next summer in a black silk ribbon, than use the ties I liked so much this season. I doubt if you can make more of it than a love of change. Uncle Solomon and his set were great judges of wine. At least, they said so, and I know that they were great drinkers. I dined often at uncle's table, and saw much of the set. They swore by Madeira. Sherry was a thin, woman's wine; and they quaffed foaming glasses of the sparkling ruby liquor. This was ten years ago. How they laughed at Clarence's death in a but of Malmsey. "Why," said Uncle Solomon, "a man who loved such a wine deserved no better fate." "There couldn't be but one worse fate than being drowned in Malmsey," said jolly old bottle-nosed Crabtoe, Uncle Sol's partner. "And what is that?" asked I timorously, "Why, drowning Malmsey in yourself," cried Crabtoe. Falstaff and his friends fared no better. "Sack and sugar," said another of this dogmatic crew, "oh! Lord!" So they drained their Madeira, and cracked their nuts. Wine-drinking, I inferred was a matter of taste and not of fashion; or, perhaps, of country. But I devoutly clung to Madeira and the Crabtoe doctrines, and when I heard from a young friend, that his father, who had lived several years in England, always drank Sherry to his dinner, I grieved for his father, as for a man who had become uncivilized. The next time I dined with Uncle Solomon, I spoke of French wines, and German and Italian wines. They were damned directly. They were "stuff" and "execrable," and women's wine, and many other disagreeable things. Madeira was the wine for a man." "Amen," thundered Crabtoe, but broke off suddenly, smarting with a twinge of the gout.

"Claret is your gouty wine," cried Uncle Sol. "Your Rhenish is vinegar," said another guest. "And your Italian wines, muddy sweetened water," added a very rich gentleman at the foot of the table, who had never travelled farther than Saratoga.

Uncle Sol. and his set were fairly entitled to their opinion, and might drink what wine they preferred.

But why this monstrous contempt and commisseration for other tastes than theirs? Are not sweet Tokay and the Rhenish wines, the wines of history and poetry? Did any old drinking Baron, whose exploits in emptying beakers have made wine-drinking an historic fact, ever condescend to the fire that burned in Uncle Sol's ruby Madeira? Would Horace have exchanged a single sip of his exquisite Falernian for a tun of such lava? Was the wine of Cyprus, which old Crabtoe pishes at his cordial, ever drunk by modern traveller without emotion? To hear uncle Sol. and his set, you would have fancied that no one ever drank wine with understanding, until this blessed club of diners-out met for the purpose. It imposed upon me for a long time, and I had a secret pity for men who did not believe in Madeira. But I presently crossed the sea myself, and discovered what good wine was. I drank the pure vintage of the Rhine, and the Danube, and the Arno, the Sicilian shore, and the broad fields of France; and tasted the grape and its blossom, the sun, the country, and the climate, in each wine I quaffed. I remember those tables at home flaming with hot wines, and a brief glimpse of cool claret at the end of dinner, introduced as a curiosity. I saw the lithe, mercurial Frenchmen, of all men the most nimble, and who live on claret, and remembered Uncle Sol's. decree, "Claret is your gouty wine." Uncle Sol., I laughed harder at you than ever you did at Clarence. Well, when I came home after six years' absence, I dined one day with the remnant of the old set. Old Crabtoe's nose had, in the meanwhile, blossomed so brilliantly, that the set called it the burning bush. "Why don't you take in your sign, Crabtoe?" said Uncle Sol, "Good wine needs no bush!" and they all roared again. Yet six years had swept away much prejudice and much wine. I found them drinking Claret, Rhenish, and Sherry, to a man. There was a bottle of very old Madeira introduced as a curiosity, and every man took a thimble-full. But "the staple tipple," as Claude Fay calls it, was light wine. "Light wine's all the go now, my boy," said Uncle Sol. "Why?" said I, "Oh! I don't know: it's the fashion. We don't swig and guzzle as we used to do," replied he.

This seems very ridiculous. Are we mere puppets which this magician Fashion moves at will? Are we lay-figures only, draped by this capricious Fairy? "I will not submit," cried I, "'tis unmanly. Peach-bloom breeches are as good as my gray trowsers. I will be bold, I will be free, I will be ——"

"Out of fashion, if you dare," said Claude Fay, who heard me.

And was he not right again? "Is it not easier to stretch the truth a little, than to wear a high black satin stock? Yet that was the top of fashion when the first gentleman in Europe wore it. Show me a man bold enough to be out of fashion, not for a freak, or a bet, or for an occasion, but, if you choose to say so, upon principle, and I will show you a hero. We none of us like it. We like to have our hats and boots and waistcoats in the fashion. We are averse to having our wives and daughters—how much more our mistresses—say—"oh! how old-fashioned." Nothing more completely describes a man or woman than that term. To say "an old-fashioned gentleman," is to evoke a grave and courtly figure in the mind, with an amplitude of ruffle and generous coat, bowing as if bowing were one of the cardinal virtues, and addressing a woman as if he were Solomon's ambassador to the Queen of Sheba. There is a certain quaint grace about it, which is characteristic and winning.

The "old-fashioned" manner, like the costume of my grandmother in her portrait, instantly restores the old times and the old society. But you and I study it and enjoy it, as we do Egyptian specimens. We have no wish to be Pharaoh nor Ptolemy.

Is it not, after all, mere whim? When Uncle Joseph died, Aunt Jane went into prodigious mourning. She was hung in black, like a city at a public funeral. She darkened the sunshine as she walked. Every rustle of her widow's sable shook out gloom. Smiles died upon the face of children, and in their play they regarded her coming with terror, as hay-makers a rising thunder-cloud. Aunt Jane's widowhood, merely from those clouds of drakness round about her, is an inky blot upon my memory. Why did she swathe herself so solemnly? "To manifest the gloom of her feelings, and the night of sorrow which had swallowed up the day of her happiness," responds Flamingo, the philosopher. But have the Chinese no feeling, then? Are "Celestial" widows so gay at their lord's decease that they must show it to all the world, by donning white? If you come to philosophy, white is the absence of colour as much as black; and, religiously, it seems to me that it is as well for the widow to show that her faith and resignation by indicating symbolically that her spouse has gone to heaven, as that she is broken-hearted. At least, our neighbours of the Antipodes have as much reason for their white as we for our black. The truth is, Aunt Jane entombed herself in sables, because it is the fashion. Had it been the habit to mourn in green, do you know that my Aunt Jane would have been a perfect pea?

'Tis fashion that "makes cowards of us all!" A belle's face in the bonnet of a score of years since, was like a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle. Now it stands forth from her bonnet, like the rose bursting from the bud. I consider that we are gainers. But I am not very turbulent in my joy, for I wonder whether the next freak will not be to cover the face with the Oriental Yashmak, leaving one eye only to beam soft splendour through that terrible eclipse. It is fashion that rules us, not taste, not beauty, not the becoming, nor the picturesque. I like the Rubens hat, I think it graceful and handsome. It harmonizes with my face, my moustache and beard. I would wear the Rubens hat if I dared. But if I should go down Nassau-street to-morrow morning in that hat, my mercantile credit would suffer.

Claude Fay is a lawyer; that is, he hires a room in William street, and puts "Claude Fay, attorney at law," upon the door. Claude hates the law and adores dancing. But he doesn't dare to grow a moustache. His uncle told him that a moustache was without precedent in the profession, and would ruin his prospects. But I make Claude's mouth water by telling him of the silken splendours that drape the lips of French and Italian advocates.

"Poor Claude," you say, and so do I. But we are are all in the same ship. I cannot make much of it. Why does old Uncle Sol. insist upon drinking Rhenish out of green glasses? The wine tastes no better. It has no beauty, then, but a dirty green colour. The golden amber of Marcobrunner and the pale hue of Liebfraumilch, are all forced to show the same. But Uncle Sol. would fight rather than not drink his "Hock," as he calls it, out of a green glass. Crabtoe has the same freak about his delicate Sherry. Wine that a few years since was too weak to dilute water, as he expressed it, he now exposes for years in his attic with nothing but a bit of gauze over the mouth of the demijohn, so that what little original fire there was, exhales, and when it is decantered and brought to table, Crabtoe will not drink it, nor will he let any one else drink it, except out of the thinnest smooth glass, with a wisp of a stem. "It enhances the delicacy of the wine, sir," says Crabtoe. "Delicate wine!" says Gawl, his Boston friend, "I call it ether. What do you drink such stuff for?" "Stuff!" cries Crabtoe, "it costs me a hundred dollars the dozen." I drink it out of a tumbler, and it is just as delicate. Let old Crabtoe try a little water out of thin and thick glasses, and see if he discovers any difference. They all iced their claret when it first came, and no wine could be cold enough. Now they say that ice numbs the wine and destroys the flavour, and that claret should be of the same temperature as that of the room in which it is drunk.

Catch John Bull drinking half-and-half out of anything but pewter. If you ask him why not, he mumbles some indistinct science about "galvanic action" between the liquid and the metal, a statement which he knows, and we all know, is of the same scientific dignity, as the medical practice of the old woman who transfers rheumatism to apple-trees. Metal was a more economical ware for the ale-house than glass, and thus economy set the fashion.

And I confess, too, that it is pleasanter to drink ale out of a tankard, and fine wine from delicate glass. Yet you, on your part, must confess that it is only a whim of fancy—a mere matter of taste. And this would be enough to explain the fashion, if, unfortunately, the experience of fashion did not show this to-morrow the whole thing may be reversed, and we may be all drinking claret out of black mugs, and ale from glass. In Germany, Bavarian beer is drunk from glass tankards, and Lager-beer is kept in earthern bottles. It is melancholy to see how we are bandied about, how impossible it is to get a foothold upon the fact of this history.

And yet, could it be calculated, it would cease to charm, perhaps to sway. The tailor in Paris, whose audacious hand dares to cut my trowsers shorter or longer, broader or narrower, has already effected a revolution. The legs of farthest America are affected by that bold stroke. Whole wardrobes, now unconscious, are antiquated by that deviation from the old rule. When my fellow-traveller, Lorraine passed through Paris on his way to Italy, he ordered a host of waistcoats. Lorraine was enamoured with the French mode, and, like other lovers, indiscreet. Six months afterwards those garments reached Rome, and Lorraine saw, with cold perspiration, that he could not wear them. Probably it was upon the very last day of the old fashion that he had ordered these unhappy clothes. The next morning M. Blanc arose to fulfil his mission and "inaugurate a new era" in waistcoats. What had been yesterday an inch, became an ell to-day. The peaceful revolution was accomplished, but Lorraine's waistcoats were the innocent sufferers.

Flamingo, the philosophical, indulges in one startling theory. Personal modesty, he says, as distinguished from the genuine instinct, is altogether a matter of fashion. Thus our grandmothers shuddered more at the idea of showing their ears, than our sisters at showing their ankles. In the East a woman shields her face from observation at all hazards, whatever other part of her person may be exposed. Ladies and gentlemen in Queen Anne's time talked, read and wrote with a luscious breadth of style that is altogether too cloying for modern taste (says Flamingo); and they listened to plays which no decent woman would now care to read. "And to bring the matter a little closer," said Flamingo to Claude Fay at Mrs. Bounce's ball, "why should any girl here complain of any habit of any time, when even your friend Miss Maude is draped around the neck with such generous parsimony?"

Fashion is but a whim of form, then. There is the universal instinct of modesty, but its expression varies. There is the universal necessity of clothing, but its material and arrangement differ with countries and times. Only certain New Zealand chiefs can wear particular feathers, only certain warriors be tattooed in a peculiar way. The change of fashion has no deeper foundation than restlessness and quick satiety. My grandmother's aunt in the portrait stepped stately in the minuet, my cousin Maude hops and quivers in the redowa and polka. Herodias danced in a way unknown to us. The Egyptian Ghawazee's ballet is a singular gymnastic, full of expression, and all over the European continent the national and characteristic dances have each their charm and individuality. Here, upon the avenues, or in any street from 4th to 40th, we elaborate the Schottish upon a stretched linen, in rooms as rich as we know how to make them, in the glare of gas, the softer brilliancy of wax, and amid intoxicating clouds of whirling lace and muslin, and the thick breath of exotic flowers. Three hundred years ago, wild red Indians, painted yellow and green, with equal frenzy threaded the mazes of their dances, and held rude festival. The difference is a change of fashion—nothing more. The instinct was the same in the first of the Mohicans and in the last girl "out." We all laugh at fashion, but we take care not to sin against it. "What an intolerable vanity," says Uncle Sol. of the balls to which Maude drags him. But Uncle Sol. squeezes his feet into patent leather boots and his hands into kid gloves, puts on a black suit and a white shirt and proceeds to Martyrdom. Uncle Sol. is wise. It is better to submit. No man will wisely try to wear woollen clothes in the fervours of the Dog-star, nor to saunter up Niagara. It is a mortifying thing, if you please, that the master is mastered; that man, who is the head of nature, must submit to such dumb forces as the sun and Niagara.

Muse to the last upon the mortification, but while you muse you submit. The image of my grandmother contemplating her picture shall take the sting from that submission. Upon those still Summer mornings, though she stood withered and wan in a plain black silk gown, a close cap and spectacles, and held her shrunken and blue-veined hand to shield her eyes, yet, as she gazed with that long and wistful glance upon the blooming beauty that had faded from her form forever under that flowing hair and that rosy cheek—the immortal fashions of youth and health—and beneath those many ruffles and that quaint high waist—the fashions of the day—she recognised the same true and loving woman. If her face was pensive as she turned away, it was because truth and love are, in their essence, forever young, and it is the hard condition of nature that they cannot always appear so.—*Putnam's Monthly.*

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF PUBLIC MEN.

A PAPER FROM THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THEODORE HOOK.

WITH considerable exertion, and at a great expense of capital and research, we have been fortunately enabled to gratify the prevalent taste for diaries and correspondence; a gentleman of the highest literary character, moving in the first circles as well of the political as fashionable world, has been kind enough to furnish us with no less than twenty-four volumes of MS. letters and memoranda, the production of all the leading personages of the last and present century. It is from the unreserved communication of their thoughts and feelings that the characters of great men are to be justly appreciated; and with the addition of the notes, explanatory and critical, of our highly gifted friend, we think we shall do the world a service, and our readers a pleasure, by submitting portions of the great collection entrusted to our care.

It must be observed that the whole of the correspondence of which we are possessed is strictly of a private nature, and certainly has never appeared in print before. We give a few specimens:

NO. I.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT TO MR. SMITH.

Mr. Pitt will be glad to see Mr. Smith to-morrow at 12.

Downing Street, April 4, 1800.

I have not been able to ascertain precisely who this Mr. Smith was, and the envelope, which possibly might have shown the address, has been unfortunately lost. The name of Smith is by no means an uncommon one; it is possible that this note might have been written to a relation of Lord Carrington, who was created a Baron on the 16th of July, 1796. His lordship married a Miss Bernard, by whom he has had one son and eleven daughters.

NO. II

FROM DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

Southampton Street, April 9, 1775.

DEAR GOLDSMITH,

Mrs. Garrick will be glad to see you here at dinner to-day, at three o'clock. Yours,

D. G.

The authenticity of this short letter is unquestionable; for although the initials of the British Roscius only are affixed to it, the date and the known intimacy which existed between Garrick and Goldsmith, put all doubt at rest as to the real writer. It is a curious transcript of the times, as it marks the hour of dining in the year 1775, on what may be considered the best authority. Garrick retired from the stage in 1777, and died in 1779; his widow survived him nearly half a century. The house at Hampton was purchased by a Mr. Carr, Solicitor, as I believe, to the Excise, one of whose daughters was married to Dr. Lushington.

NO. III.

FROM MRS. LETITIA BARBAULD TO MISS HIGGINBOTHAM.

Mrs. Barbauld will thank Miss Higginbotham to let her have the silk gown home by Saturday night at latest.

Thursday evening.

This interesting remain is without date, but it bears the evidence of truth on its face. Mrs. Barbauld, who was the daughter of Dr. Aiken, was a highly talented lady; her "Beggar's Petition" itself is enough to immortalize her. The desire to have home a new gown on Saturday night in order that she might wear it at church the next day, has a naturalness in it which is quite refreshing—a feminine anxiety operating upon a masculine mind.

I have endeavoured by every possible means to ascertain who the Miss Higginbotham was, to whom the letter is addressed, but hitherto in vain. By reference to the files of newspapers kept at the Chapter Coffee House, in St. Paul's Church-yard, I see that in the year 1780, a Mrs. Hickenbottom kept a milliner's shop in Hanway-yard, as it was then called; but I can hardly fancy it the same person, because, in the first place, Mrs. Barbauld distinctly calls her Miss, whereas the person in question was married; and secondly, because the name of the milliner to whom the newspaper refers is spelt Hickenbottom, whereas Mrs. Barbauld makes the Hick, Hig, and spells her *bottom*, *botham*, after the manner of the landlord of the Windmill Inn, at Salt-hill, near Eton, in Buckinhamshire.

NO. IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE TO MR. BURNS.

BURNS—Get something for dinner by four o'clock to-morrow, and tell Simmons to have a fire lighted in my bed-room early in the day.

E. B.

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke, one of the most distinguished of our British worthies, was born at Limerick, on New Year's Day, 1730; he was educated by a Quaker, got into Parliament in 1765, and died at Beaconsfield, July 8, 1797. Burns, I imagine to have been a servant of his, but I have no particular reason for believing it, beyond the evidence of the letter before us. The direction to get dinner ready, comes evidently in the way of a command; and the unadorned style of address quite justifies my suspicions. Simmons is unquestionably a domestic servant and a female. In the registry of marriages in Beaconsfield church, I find an entry of a marriage between Thomas Hopkins and Mary Anne Simmons, spinster; which Mary Anne I take to be the individual referred to by Burke. The date of that marriage is June 15, 1792. Now, although this letter is without date, it is fair to infer from the reference to "making a fire in his bed-room," that it was written much earlier in the year than the month of June; so that even if we were able to fix the date of the letter in the same year, it is quite within the range of possibility that the marriage did not take place till several months after the servant was spoken of, by her maiden name of Simmons. I took occasion to visit Beaconsfield twice, concerning this little doubt, and I think it but justice to make my acknowledgments to Mr. Thomas Fagg, the deputy sexton of the parish, for his urbane attention to me, and the readiness with which he afforded me all the information of which he was possessed.

NO. V

FROM SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO MR. PERKINS.

MY DEAR SIR,

The weather is so hot, and town so dull, that I intend flying from all its ills and inconveniences to-morrow; I shall be happy, therefore, to join your pleasant party. Yours,

P. F.

This very curious letter is not more valuable on account of the matter it contains, than as conducing to throw additional light upon the mystery of Junius—it would occupy too much space in a note to enter into a disquisition concerning the various conflicting opinions upon this subject, but as far as a comparison of hand-writing with some portions of the MS. of Junius's Letters, which I had an opportunity of seeing, and a strong similarity of style in the writing, go, I have no hesitation in settling the authorship upon Sir Philip—there is such vigorous imagination displayed in the description, in nine words, of the state of the weather and the metropolis, and such a masculine resolution evinced in the declared determination to "fly from all its ills and inconveniences" the very next day, that one cannot but pause to admire the firmness which could plan such a measure, and the taste which could give such a determination in such language. The cautious concealment of the place to which the supposed party of pleasure was to go, is another evidence of the force of habit; I have reason to believe it to have been Twickenham, or, as Pope spells it, Twitnam, but I have no particular *datum* whereon to found this suspicion, except indeed, that I think it quite as probable to have been Twickenham, or Twitnam as any other of the agreeable villages round London.

NO. VI.

FROM SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD, ESQ.

Leicester Fields, Saturday.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received your witty note, and am extremely obliged to you for your present of venison. I trust you will favour me with your company on Tuesday, to meet some of your friends, and join them in discussing it. Yours, very truly,

J. REYNOLDS.

There can be little doubt that the note referred to by Sir Joshua, was full of those quibbles and quaintnesses for which Whitefoord was so well known. Whitefoord was a man of considerable attainments, and was distinguished by the peculiarity of his dress—a French grey coat with black frogs, a small cocked hat and an umbrella; he was the constant frequenter of auctions, and has the credit of being the inventor of the new hackied conceit called "Cross-readings." It is certain, that in his note sent with the venison, he called Sir Joshua his dear* friend, hoped it would suit the palate, recommended him to take some cuts from it and transfer them to plates, spite of the

* The pun suggests an inadvertent equivoque, attributed to Baron H——.

Somebody asked the Baron to take venison. "No," said the Baron, "I never eat venison; I don't think it is so good as mutton." "Oh!" said the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton were not better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "Vy?" replied the Baron, "I will tell you vy—in this world de people always prefer vat is dear to vat is cheap."

This is called by some a *jeu de mots*, and by others a *jeu d'esprit*.

current sauce being jelly, and perhaps signed himself his Buck friend (for at that period the words Buck and Maccaroni were the distinctive appellations of two classes of persons in London). I surmise this, because he was a confirmed punster, a character somewhat prized in these days—Goldsmith said it was impossible to keep company with him without being infected with the itch of punning—He is celebrated in the postscript to "Retaliation"

"Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour. I had almost said wit;
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
Thou best tempered man, with the worst tempered muse."

We could not have believed it possible—but so it is—that there should be people in this land, and in London too, who had so much "matter of fact" in their composition, as to read and believe the "Private Correspondence of Public Men," of which the above is a specimen, to be a serious production; that the notes upon it were actually annotations, and that the whole affair was a grave disquisition into the lives and histories of the persons mentioned; but so it is. The two following letters, which are, as examples of the dear, amiable innocence of the writers, worth their weight in gold, were actually elicited by the article in question; a comment on either of them is needless.

TO THE EDITOR OF JOHN BULL.

SIR—On reading your observations on the Correspondence of Public Men in this day's paper, I beg to make the following notaries.

NO. II.

GARRICK'S villa was not purchased by Mr. Carr, Solicitor to the Excise, but by Mr. Car, a Solicitor in John-street, Bedford-row, many years Secretary of Lunatics.

NO. V.

THE party, I imagine, was not to Twickenham, but to Camberwell, then a pleasant and retired village. Mr. Perkins (the brewer) resided there many years in affluence and respectability, and died some years since at a very advanced age, upwards of 90. He was a partner in Barclay's house.

Yours, W. F.

Craven Street, Sunday.

SIR—In your extracts from the Correspondence of Public Men in yesterday's "*John Bull*," you express your doubts who the Mr. Smith was to whom Mr. Pitt's letter was addressed. From the style and date of it, I beg leave to suggest that it was the late Joseph Smith, Esq., Mr. Pitt's Private Secretary, and Receiver-General of the Stamp Duties.

Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO MRS. STOWE.

[From Autographs for Freedom.]

LONDON, July 8, 1852.

MADAM: I should be very sorry indeed to refuse any request addressed to me from "The Rochester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society."

At the same time I really should feel at a loss what to send, but as I am on the point of sending off a letter to the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, I venture to submit a copy of it to those who I feel sure must be fond of such a countrywoman.

Your very faithful Servant,

CARLISLE.

LONDON, July 8, 1852.

MADAM: I have allowed some time to elapse before I thanked you for the great honour and kindness you did me in sending to me, from yourself, a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin. I thought it due to the subject of which I perceived that it treated, not to send a mere acknowledgment, as I confess from a motive of policy I am apt to do, upon the first arrival of the book. I therefore determined to read, before I wrote.

Having thus read, it is not in the stiff and conventional form of compliment, still less in the technical language of criticism, that I am about to speak of your work. I return my deep and solemn thanks to Almighty God, who has led and enabled you to write such a book.

I do feel, indeed, the most thorough assurance that in His good providence such a book cannot have been written in vain. I have long felt that Slavery is by far the *topping* question of the world and age we live in, involving all that is most thrilling in heroism, and most touching in distress—in short, the real epic of the universe. The self-interest of the parties most nearly concerned on the one hand, the apathy and ignorance of unconcerned observers on the other, have left these august pretensions to drop very much out of sight, and hence my rejoicing that a writer has appeared who will be read, and must be felt, and that, happen what may to the transactions of Slavery, they will no longer be suppressed, "carent quia vate sacro."

I trust that what I have just said was not required to show the entire sympathy I entertain with respect to the main truth and leading scope of your high argument, but we live in a world only too apt to regard the accessories and accidents of a subject above its real and vital essence; no one can know so well as you how much the external appearance of the negro detracts from the romance and sentimentality which undoubtedly might attach to his position and his wrongs, and on this account it does seem to me proportionately important that you should have brought to your portraiture great grace of style, great power of language, a play of humour which relieves and brightens even the dark depth of the back-ground which you were called upon to reveal, a force of pathos which, to give it the highest praise, does not lay behind even all the dread reality, and, above all, a variety, a discrimination, and a truth in the delineation of character, which even to my own scanty and limited experience of the society you describe accredits itself instantaneously and irresistibly. Seldom, indeed, could I more forcibly apply the line of a very favourite poet—

"And truths divine came mended from that tongue."

I have been told that, in an English periodical, the quality of genius has been denied to your book. The motives which must have guided its composition will probably have made you supremely indifferent to mere criticism, especially to any which argues so much obfuscation both of head and heart. Your work has genius of the highest order, and it is the lowest of its merits.

There is one point which, in face of all that your book has aimed at and achieved, I think of extremely slight importance, but which I will nevertheless just mention, if only to show that I have not been bribed into this fervour of admiration. I think, then, that whenever you speak of England and her institutions, it is in a tone which fails to do them fair justice. I do not know what distinct charges you think could be established against our aristocracy and capitalists, but you generally convey the impression that the same oppressions in degree, though not in kind, might be brought home to them which are now laid to the charge of Southern slaveholders. Exposed to the same ordeal, they might very probably not stand the test better. All I contend for is, that the circumstances in which they are placed, and the institutions by which they are surrounded, make the parallel wholly inapplicable. I cannot but suspect that your view has been in many respects derived from composers of fiction and others among ourselves who, writing with distinguished ability, have been more successful in delineating and dissecting the morbid features of our modern society than in detecting the principle which is at fault, or suggesting the appropriate remedy. My own belief is, liable, if you please, to national bias, that our capitalists are very much the same sort of persons as your own in the Northern States, with the same mixtures and inequalities of motive and action. With respect to our aristocracy, I should really be tempted to say, that, tried by their conduct on the question of Free Trade, they do not sustain an unfavourable comparison with your uppermost classes. Allow me to add, that when in one place you refer to those who have already emancipated their slaves, I think a case more directly in point than the proceedings of the Hungarian nobles might have been selected; such, at least, I feel sure would have been the case if the passages in question had been written by one who certainly was keenly alive to the faults of England, but who did justice to her good qualities and deeds with a heartiness exceeding that of most of her own sons—your great and good Dr. Channing.

I need not repeat how irrelevant, after all, I feel what I have said upon this head to be to the main issues involved in your work: there is little doubt, too, that as a nation we have our special failings, and one of them probably is that we care too little about what other nations think of them.

Nor can I wish my countrymen ever to forget that their own past history should prevent them from being forward in casting accusations on their transatlantic brethren on the subject of Slavery. With great ignorance of its actual miseries and horrors, there is also among us great ignorance of the fearful perplexities and difficulties with which its solution cannot fail to be attended. I feel, however, that there is a considerable difference between reluctant acquiescence in what you inherit from the past and voluntary fresh enlargements and reinforcements of the system. For instance, I should not say that the mode in which such an enactment as the Fugitive Slave Law has been considered in this country has at all erred upon the side of overmuch indignation.

I need not detain you longer: I began my letter with returning thanks to Almighty God for the appearance of your work, and I offer my humble and ardent prayer to the same Supreme Source that it may have a marked agency in hastening the great consummation, which I should feel it a practical atheism not to believe must be among the unfulfilled purposes of the Divine power and love.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your sincere admirer and well-wisher,
CARLISLE.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

THEORY OF EPIDEMICS.

SOME able writers have endeavoured to account for the manner in which diseases undermine the vital powers, by a theory not unentitled to attention. As the air is ever more or less filled with the emanations of putrifying animal and vegetable matter, they have assimilated the action of these particles upon the blood, to that of yeast on wort. By the fermentation produced by yeast, the sugar is changed into alcohol. It is, apparently, predisposed for the change; and the slightest assistance it receives enables it to unloose the former union of its particles, and to enter into a wholly new state of chemical combinations. Just so, animal matter, floating in the air, in the chemical state of change called putrescence, if not sufficiently diluted, is capable of throwing the blood, with which it may come in contact, into an analogous state of fermentation. Thus, of course, it totally alters its nature, and renders it incapable of fulfilling its proper functions. Other writers have supposed that the air, when rendered impure, becomes overloaded with multitudes of microscopic insects, who attack the human body, as smut attacks corn. Others conceive a minute fungus, whose spores, floating in the air, form the germs of epidemic disease. But all the various theories brought forward proceed from the assumption of a vitiated state of the atmosphere.

To understand the full force of these theories, we must remember that the human body is a wonderful combination of innumerable particles, all placed in different degrees of chemical affinity or antagonism to each other, and only held separate, and in their proper relations, by the inscrutable powers of vitality. Port wine will tan and convert into a species of leather the coats of the stomach of a dead person; and the gastric juices, that possess the power of dissolving not only animal substances, but even metals, fail to injure, in the least degree, the tender vessels with which they are in constant contact, as long as life holds its full dominion. How wonderfully does one single fluid—the blood—in its passage through each organ of the body, yield to it the different secretion required to enable it to fulfil its proper functions—supporting, at the same time, that very vitality which it at once sustains and serves! Life has no sooner departed; and let loose all the different atoms of which our earthly tabernacle is formed, than they engage in the great strife that eventuates in its total dissolution. As in a moral sense, the spirit is ever at war with the inclinations of the flesh; so, too, in a physical sense, the different elements of the body are only reserved in their integrity by the despotic control of vitality.

These considerations derive some title to notice, from the undoubted fact that epidemics are almost invariably accompanied by an extraordinary development of insect life; and seldom fail also to produce most remarkable effects upon the lower animals.

We have often heard of the "showers of blood" that are said to have preceded pestilence, striking terror into the minds of the vulgar. These showers of coloured rain are almost invariably caused either by infinite multitudes of microscopic insects, or sometimes by the growth of a species of fungus. The cliffs between Cape York and Cape Dudley Digges, in the Arctic regions, are sometimes covered with snow of a bright crimson colour. Mr. Bauer, having obtained some of it from Sir John Ross, planted it in snow, where he found it generated. At first it was colourless, then green, and when ripe of a bright crimson colour. Whether these crimson globules belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom, has been much disputed; but Sir John Ross, the discoverer, insists that they are a vegetable production, and has called them the *Ureda nivalis*. He has so styled them because, he maintains, they belong to the genus *Ureda* vulgarly known as the smut in wheat. It is evident that the phenomenon of coloured rain cannot occur, particularly in our latitudes, without some extraordinary atmospheric changes, of which philosophy has failed to discover the causes; but it frequently takes place on the eve of a pestilence. Dr. Barker has recorded the fall of an ink black fœtid rain (doubtless animalcular), near Carlow, on the 14th of April, 1849, at a period coincident with the outbreak of the cholera in that town. This belief in a connection between both circumstances, also prevails extensively in India; and, though perhaps it receives an undue amount of credence, the popularity of the theory vouches for the frequency of the coincidence. An immense development of insect life also preceded the pestilence at West Barbary, in 1799, and the same circumstance elsewhere has been frequently witnessed and recorded.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MISS MITFORD: HER CHILDHOOD.—In common with many only children, especially where the mother is of a grave and homely-loving nature, I learned to read at a very early age. Before I was three years old my father would perch me on the breakfast table to exhibit my one accomplishment to some admiring guest, who admired all the more because, a small puny child, looking far younger than I really was, nicely dressed, as only children generally are, and gifted with an affluence of curls, I might have passed for the twin sister of my own great doll. On the table was I perched to read some Foxite newspaper—*Courier*, or *Morning Chronicle*, the whiggish oracles of the day—and as my delight in the high-seasoned politics of sixty years ago was naturally less than that of my hearers, this display of precocious acquirement was commonly rewarded, not by cakes or sugar-plums, too plentiful in my case to be very greatly cared for, but by a sort of payment in kind. I read leading articles to please the company; and my dear mother recited the "Children in the Wood" to please me. This was my reward; and I looked for my favourite ballad after every performance, just as the piping bullfinch that hung in the window looked for his lump of sugar after going through "God save the King." The two cases were exactly parallel. One day it happened that I was called upon to exhibit, during the temporary absence of the dear mamma, and cried out amain for the ditty that I loved. My father, who spoilt me, did not know a word of it, but he hunted over all the shelves, till he had found the volumes, that he might read it to me himself; and then I grew unreasonable in my demand, and coaxed, and kissed, and begged that the book might be given to my maid Nancy, that she might read it to me whenever I chose. And (have I not said that my father spoilt me?) I carried my point, and the three volumes were actually put in charge of my pretty nurse-maid (in those days nursery governesses were not); and she, waxing weary of the "Children in the Wood," gradually took to reading me some of the other ballads; and, as from three years old, I grew to four or five, I learned to read them myself, and the book became the delight of my childhood, as it is now the solace of my age. Ah, well-a-day! sixty years have passed, and I am an old woman, whose nut-brown hair has turned to white; but I never see that heavily bound copy of "Percy's Reliques" without the home of my infancy springing up before my eyes. A pleasant home, indeed, it was. A large house in a little town in the north of Hampshire—a town so small, that but for an ancient market very similarly attended, nobody would have dreamt of calling it anything but a village. The breakfast room, where I first possessed myself of my beloved ballads, was a lofty and spacious apartment, literally lined with books, which, with its Turkey carpet, its glowing fire, its sofa and its easy chairs, seemed, what indeed it was, a very nest of English comfort. The windows opened on a large, old-fashioned garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, stocks, roses, honeysuckles, and pinks; and that again led into a grassy orchard, abounding with fruit trees, a picturesque country church with its yews and lindens on one side, and beyond, a down as smooth as velvet, dotted with rich islands of coppices, hazel, woodbine, hawthorn, and holly reaching up into the young oaks, and overhanging flowery patches of primroses, wood-sorrel, wild hyacinths, and wild strawberries. On the side opposite the church, in a hollow fringed with alders and bulrushes, gleamed the bright, clear rivulet, radiant with swans and water-lilies, which the simple towns-folk were content to call the "great pond." What a play-ground was that orchard! and what playfellows were mine! Nancy, with her trim prettiness; my own dear father, handsomest and cheerfullest of men; and the great Newfoundland dog Coe, who used to lie down at my feet, as if to invite me to mount him, and then to prance off with his burthen, as if he enjoyed the fun as much as we did. Happy, happy days! It is good to have the memory of such a childhood! to be able to call up past delights by the mere sight and sound of Cherry Chase or the battle of Otterbourne.—*Recollections of a Literary Life, by Miss Mitford.*

BE A MAN IN YOUR PRINCIPLE.—Cherish a love for justice, self-control, benevolence. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage. In all circumstances show thyself a man in unflinching rectitude.

PROMPTNESS AND ENERGY.—"Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking."

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